THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCV.—No. 1237

AUGUST 31, 1927

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Look around you. The faces of men and women you pass in the street reveal the appalling truth. Neglect is taking its toll in health. And 4 out of 5 after forty, with thousands younger, are innocent victims of that grim foe — Pyorrhœa.

At These Uneven Odds . . . . Don't Gamble

What an insidious enemy it is! Its poison that forms at the base of the teeth creeps through the body. Health is destroyed. Such troubles as rheumatism, stomach disorders, anæmia and facial disfigurement often follow.

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This dentifrice prevents Pyorrhœa or checks its vicious course — if used regularly and in time. It keeps the gums firm, the teeth white; it also protects them against acids which cause decay!

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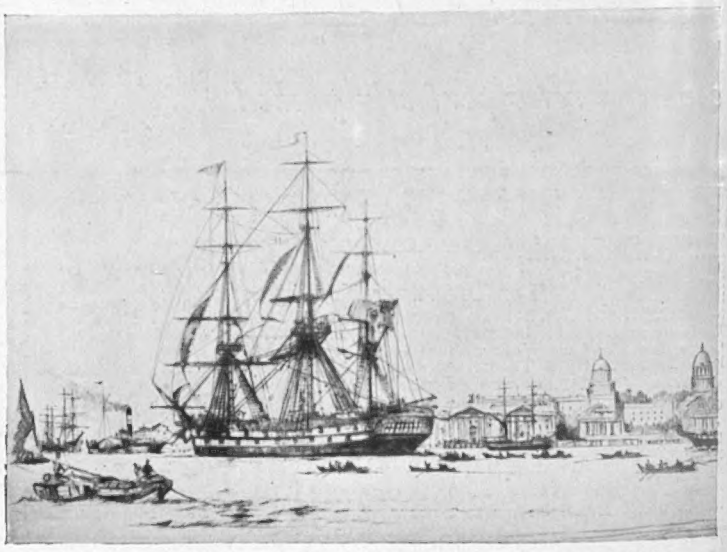
THE SAILING PACKETS of 100 Years Ago



EAST INDIAMAN OUTWARD BOUND TOWING PAST GREENWICH

Dry-Point by

FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.

The sailing of an East Indiaman a hundred years ago was a gala day on the Thames, the whole riverside cheering her noisily upon her way.

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The Bystander, August 31, 1927

No. 1237 Vol. XCV

O. Aves

The BYSTANDER

A BANK BALANCE

Family Portraiture in Scotland

Miss Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Legge with her two children, Gerald, aged three, and Heather, aged two, photographed in a quiet corner of the gardens of Grey Walls, Gullane, the Scottish residence of her aunt, Mrs. James Horlick. Before her marriage to Lieut.-Commander Humphrey Legge, D.S O., son of the Earl of Dartmouth, she was Miss Roma Horlick, the daughter of Sir Ernest Horlick

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Abbeystead

It would seem that the King's shooting visit to the Earl of Sefton at Abbeystead is to be an annual fixture, for this is the second year in succession that His Majesty has gone on to the Lancashire moors from Bolton Abbey. The visit to Abbeystead, this year and last, takes the place of the visit to The Mackintosh at Moy Hall, near Inverness. If the King had been able to go there last year it would have been his twenty-first visit, but, like so many big Scottish landowners, The Mackintosh was obliged to let last year, and Moy Hall is let again for this season.

EASTWARD BOUND *Bassano*

A new portrait of Mrs. Thornes-Roberts, who is shortly sailing for Burma to rejoin her husband, Mr. Basil Thornes-Roberts, of the Woods and Forests Department. She is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. William Douglas and a descendant of the fifth Earl of Douglas, who was High Chancellor of Scotland 1493-8 and was known as "Bell-the-Cat"

One year at Moy, when he was Prince of Wales, the King shot in a single drive forty-three and a half brace. Five years ago he beat that record by bringing down in one drive fifty-six brace of birds to his own gun. That year the total bag was just under 2,000 brace, and of this number 497 brace fell to the King.

An Old Family and Old Acres

Abbeystead is a comparatively new possession of the Sefton family, but they have been settled at Croxteth Hall, near Liverpool, for centuries before Sir Richard Molyneux, Sheriff of Lancashire, figured amongst the earliest baronets when that order was created by James I. His son was created Viscount Molyneux, and the ninth successor of this peer, some hundred and fifty years later, was created Earl of Sefton. Both the viscounty and earldom are in the peerage of Ireland, but Lord Sefton sits in the House of Lords by virtue of the barony of Sefton, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, conferred upon a predecessor in William IV's time.

AN OCTOBER BRIDE *Lafayette*

Miss Elspeth Whitaker, elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. W. Ingham Whitaker, of Pylewell Park, Lymington, and Grosvenor Square, whose marriage to Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Christopher Roper-Curzon, R.N. (retd.), will take place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on October 19. Her fiancé is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Teynham

Bassano

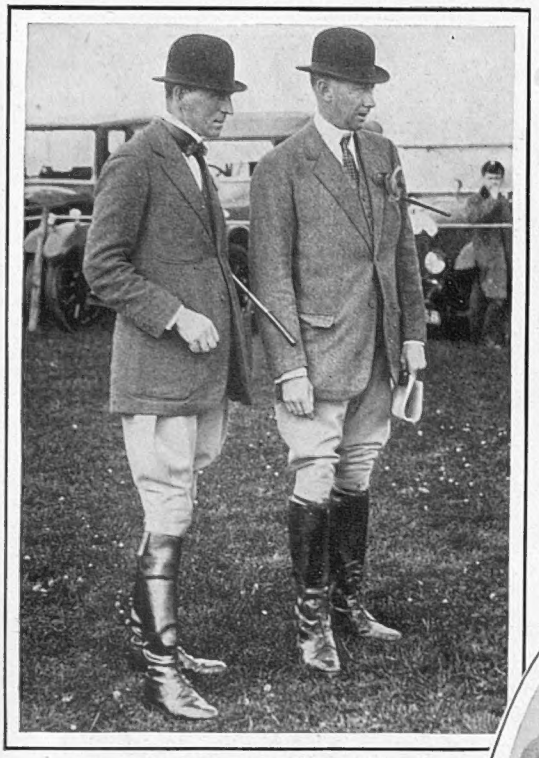
THE HON. DOREEN WINGFIELD

Only daughter of Lord and Lady Powerscourt. Her marriage to Mr. Fitzherbert Wright, eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright, of Yeldersley Hall, Derby, will take place in the New Year

Lady Sefton is a sister of Lord Bradford, and therefore a cousin of Lord Lascelles. Their only surviving son, Viscount Molyneux, is among the most eligible of our *partis*. The younger son, the Hon. Cecil Molyneux, a midshipman in the Navy, was killed at the Battle of Horn Reef in the second year of the War.

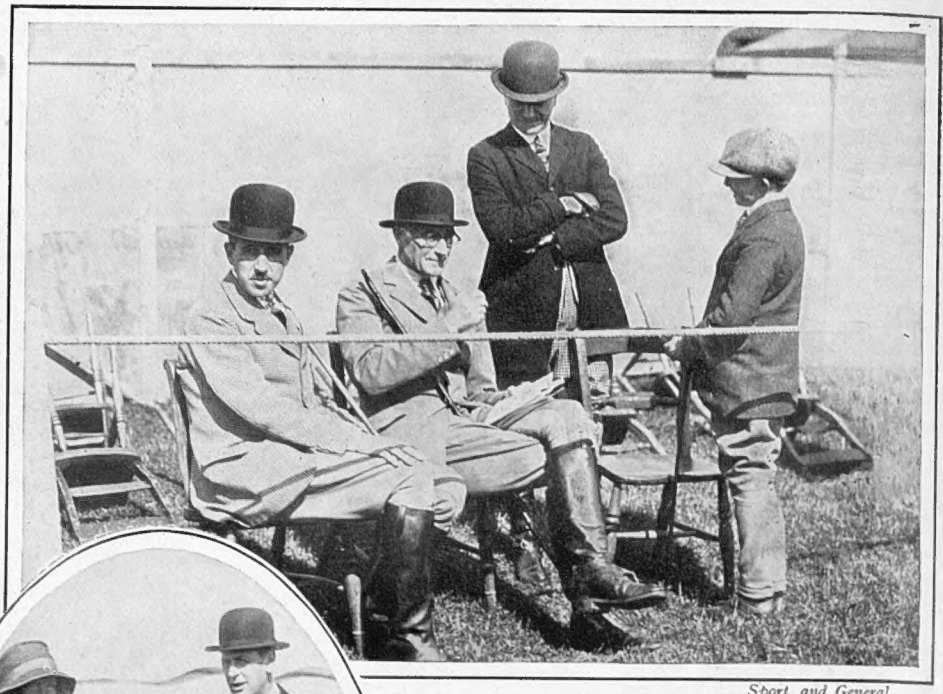
The Suites for Royal Visits

In comparison with other Sovereigns the King's suite when he pays a shooting visit is a small one. There are never



Sport and General

MR. H. NELL AND LORD HILLINGDON



Sport and General

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE WITH MR. J. F. FURMEDGE, MAJOR GERALD PRATT AND MASTER THOMAS LUCAS

SHOW TIME IN THE MIDLANDS

A trio of photographs of some of the officials and onlookers at the Brackley Agricultural Show. It attracted visitors from all parts of Northamptonshire

Sport and General

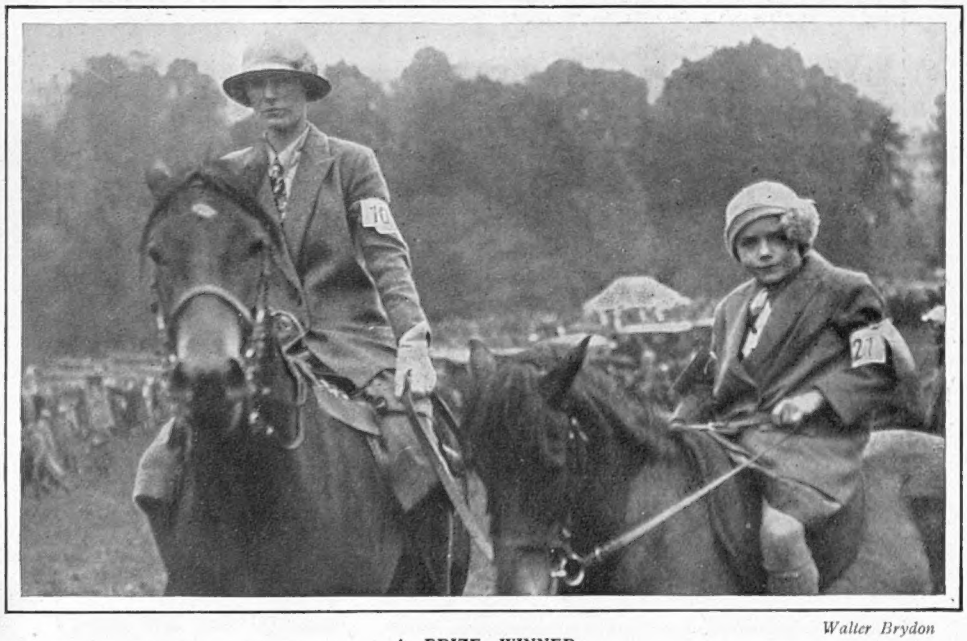
MRS. JOHNSON AND LT.-COL. G. BRIDGES

more than two equerries, who both act as secretaries in the public business which the King has to transact every day. Besides these, there is a valet a brusher, a footman, two loaders, two chauffeurs, and an inspector of police.

The list of guests to be invited is always submitted to the King beforehand, one essential being that the men should be good shots.

The Queen, too, when she pays her series of visits every year between leaving Cowes and arriving at Balmoral, takes a small suite. Upon these visits certain definite rules are always observed. For instance, the hours of meals, the names of those whom it is proposed to invite to meet Her Majesty, and the arrangements for the day, are submitted to the Queen each morning. Also, the host and hostess and the guests assemble in the drawing-room a few minutes before each meal, where they wait for the Queen, who is invariably punctual. The Queen gives the signal for the ladies to leave the table, and likewise the signal for the ladies to go to bed.

And after each visit the Queen's hostesses receive a charming autograph letter of thanks for their hospitality—one of those letters which older-fashioned folk who know their Jane Austen call a "Collins," and which the younger folk call a "board and lodging letter"—that is when they think it worth the trouble to be civil to those who have entertained them.



Walter Brydon

A PRIZE WINNER

The Hon. Jean Campbell (left), who was awarded first prizes in the pony classes with Skerrie and Rusty at the Jedforest Sheep and Dog Show at Jedburgh. She is the only sister of Lord Stratheden

The Prince's House Removal

If the *on dits* are to be believed the Prince of Wales will take up his residence at Marlborough House after his return from Canada. It is an open secret that the Prince would infinitely prefer to remain at York House, but Marlborough House, except for the time it was occupied by Queen Alexandra in her widowhood, has been the residence of the heir to the Throne for over sixty years, and there is nobody to occupy it except the Prince himself.

Both King Edward and King George as Prince of Wales had a Lord-in-Waiting, but, so far, the Prince has not had such an official in his suite, and there is some conjecture as to whether one will be added when he goes into residence at Marlborough House. Hitherto the Prince has considered that his Comptroller, Sir Lionel Halsey; his secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas; his groom-in-waiting, General Trotter; and his equerries, Major the Hon. Piers Legh, and the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, provide an attendance adequate to all occasions.

Lettings in Scotland

This season, I hear on all sides, is a record in the letting of Scottish shootings. There is scarcely a grouse moor or

a deer forest of any size which is unlet, unless it is being shot over by its owner, and many of the season's tenants hail from America. The Countess of Seafield has again let Castle Grant in Inverness-shire to Mr. and Mrs. Shoonard, of New York. Highfield, in Ross-shire, belonging to Mrs. Mackenzie Gillanders, has been taken by Mr. Louis C. Hay, also of New York, and there are many more beside. When it was known that Lord Ancaster had let Drummond Castle, near Crieff, to Mr. Alfred Farquhar, it was thought in the neighbourhood that he would not be going to Scotland this year, and that the Crieff Gathering would suffer in consequence. But Lord Ancaster is shooting over his moors and deer forests at Glenartney, and he and his family will give their usual support to the Gathering, and also to the many functions which take place at the time of the Perthshire Hunt Races.

Amongst the more important " lets " are Ben Loyal in Sutherland, to the Earl of Clarendon; the Forest of Glendoll in Forfarshire, to the Marquess of Sligo, who, as the Earl of Altamont, was one of our leading amateur actors; the Kintail Forest in Ross-shire to the Earl of Portarlington; Kinlochquoich Lodge, in Inverness-shire, to Lord Belper; and in the same county, Cluny's, to the Marquess Camden; Inverlochy to Lord Abinger; and Inverlochy Castle to Earl Temple.

And in Yorkshire

THIS year, too, Lord Strathmore has let his Yorkshire shooting, on which the Duke and Duchess of York had some excellent sport two years ago, in two portions. Lord Rochdale has taken the Wemmergill Moors, and Mr. W. L. B. Levett, Holwick Hall. With the latter there is salmon fishing in the River Tees. Another Yorkshire landlord, Lord Barnard, has let his Birkdale shooting to Captain Stanley Wilson.

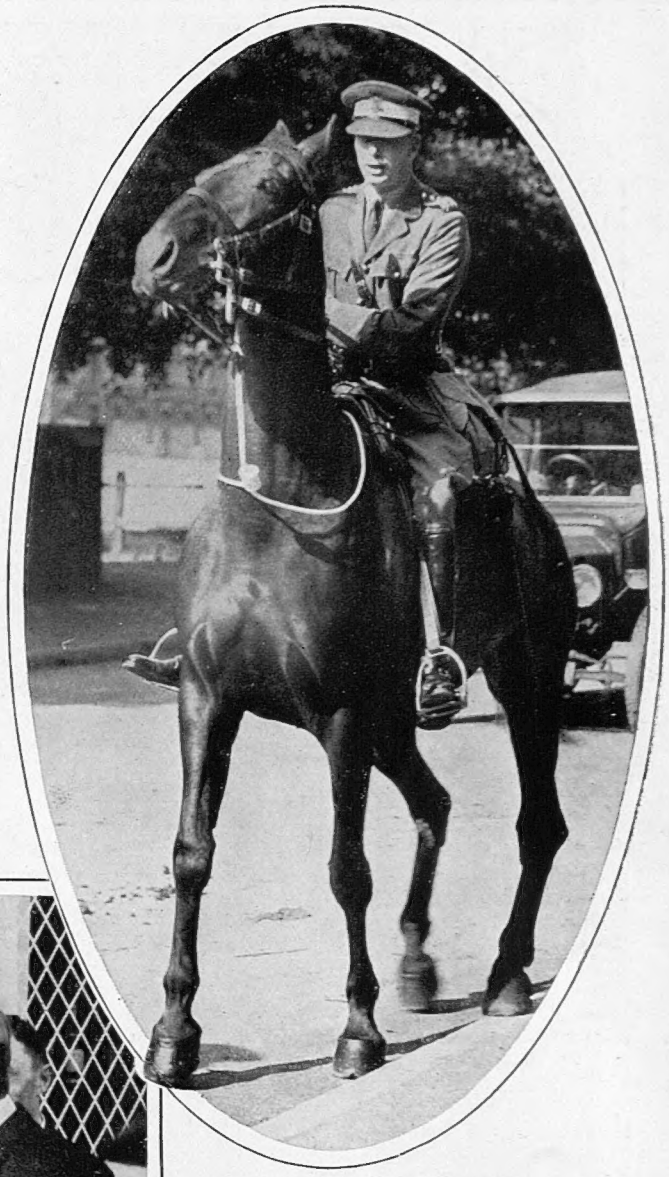
Lennoxlove

THE American Ambassador and Mrs. Houghton have again taken Lennoxlove, in Haddingtonshire, where they spent their autumn holiday last year. Lennoxlove owes the beauty of its gardens and the charming perfection of its interior to its present owners, Mr. William and Lady Hersey Baird.

Mr. Baird was the second son of the late Sir David Baird, of Newbyth, and he inherited Lennoxlove from his mother's father, the last Lord Blantyre, twenty-seven years ago. After restoring Lennoxlove to all its former beauty he married Lady Hersey Conyngham, a daughter of two Marquesses Conyngham ago.

One of the treasures at Lennoxlove is the silver-gilt toilet service—a sumptuous array—given by Charles II to " La Belle Stuart," who was a granddaughter of the first Lord Blantyre, and was described as *" la plus jolie fille du monde."* She died over two hundred years ago, yet there isn't a house in England which does not hold her presentment. She was the model for the figure of Britannia on the reverse side of our copper coinage.

(Continued on page 379)



AT THE "FRONT" *I.B.*

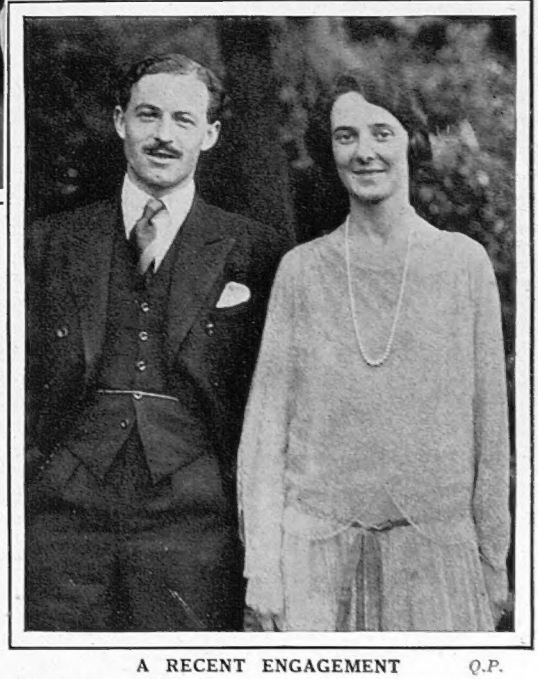
Prince Henry photographed during the Army manœuvres at Aldershot. He was present at the "Battle of Bracknell," the railway centre of the Northland Army, to which the Southland forces laid siege

CHEERING THE WINNER *Topical*

President Cosgrave presenting the Open Polo Cup to Lieut.-Colonel F. B. Hurndall, who captained the 14-20th Hussars. In the final round, played at Phoenix Park, the Hussars beat the All-Ireland Polo Club by 5 goals to 2

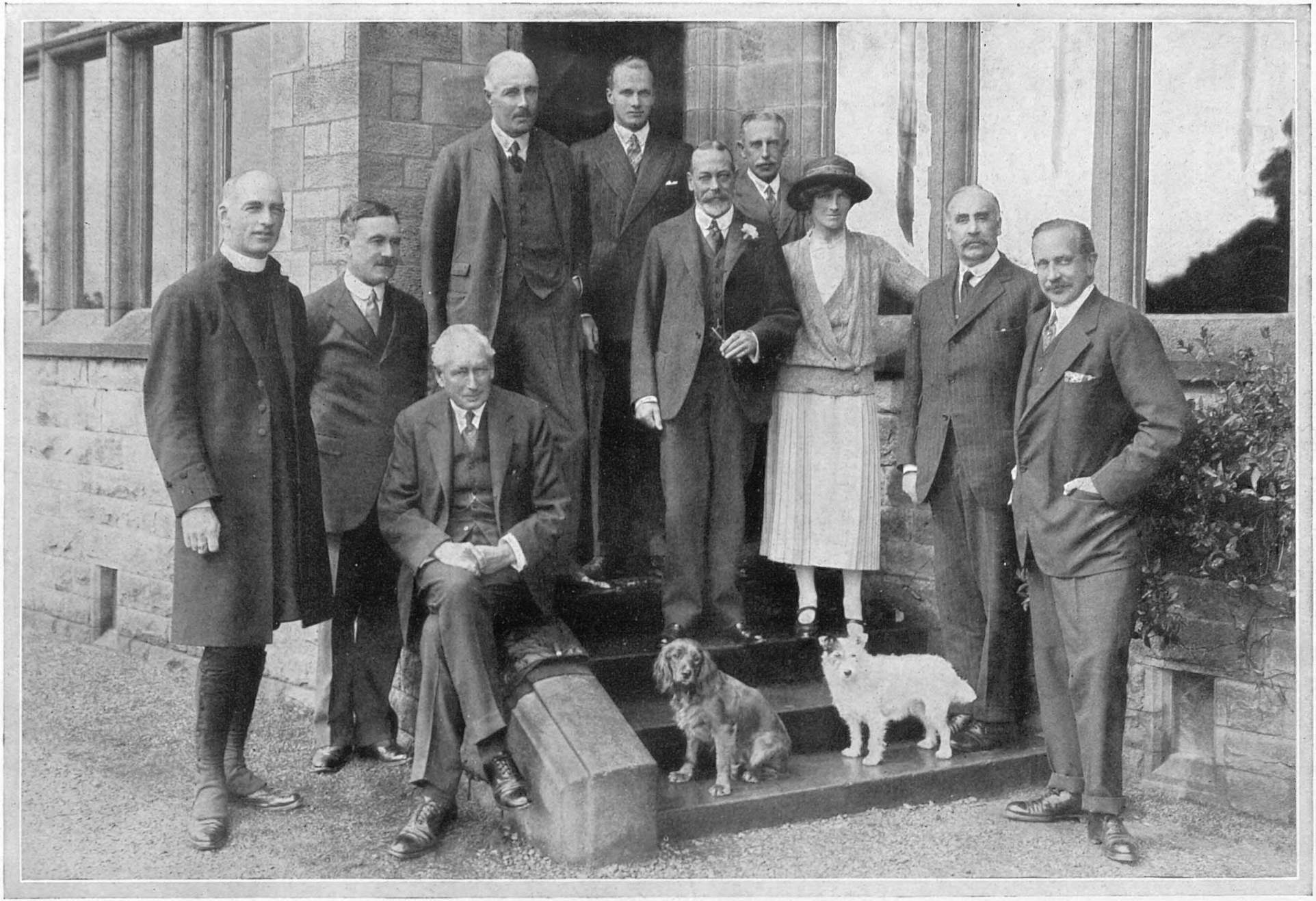
The Duke of Sutherland has let the House of Tongue, on the north coast of Sutherland; the Countess of Southesk has let Crimonomogate, in Aberdeenshire; and in Ross-shire Lord Middleton has let Applecross Forest; and the Countess of Cromartie has let Castle Leod, near Strathpeffer. Further south, the Duke of Buccleuch has let Teviothead, in Roxburghshire, and the Earl of Northesk has let Ethie Castle, in Forfarshire.

Both the Sinclair baronets—Sir Archibald Sinclair of Ulbster and Sir Ronald Sinclair of Dunbeath—have let their houses and shootings in Caithness, Thurso Castle and Barrock; and for the first time in fifty years Udny Castle, near Aberdeen, the home of their kinsman by marriage, Mr. John Udny, has a tenant for the shooting season.



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT *Q.P.*

Mr. Arthur Baker photographed with his fiancée, Miss Cathleen Whitehouse, daughter of Canon F. C. Whitehouse, the British Embassy Chaplain at Constantinople. Mr Baker, who is the well-known Oxford Soccer Blue, is the son of the late Sir Francis Baker and Lady Baker



Davis and Sons, Lancaster

HIS MAJESTY IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

A group of the house party at Abbeystead, near Lancaster, taken during the King's visit to the Earl and Countess of Sefton for the shooting. The photograph shows the Bishop of Blackburn (left), Colonel Clive Wigram, Captain Sir Charles Cust, the Duke of Roxburghe, Viscount Molyneux, His Majesty, Major the Hon. Richard Molyneux, the Countess of Sefton, Lord Lovat and the Earl of Sefton

Charles II had so deep a devotion to this beautiful woman that historical record shows he even contemplated divorcing his Queen in order to marry her. But "La Belle Stuart" kept her head in that very heady Court, and to Charles's intense anger married the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, keeping all the "trinkets" he had given her, including the toilet service.

Five years after the marriage the Duke of Richmond died, and, being childless, his dukedoms of Richmond and Lennox reverted to King Charles because of their common Stuart descent. Charles made a new creation of the dukedom of Richmond in favour of his illegitimate son by Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, who was the ancestor of the present Duke of Richmond.

"La Belle Stuart" must have been a careful soul as well as a great beauty. Out of her savings and her dower she bought the house and estate of Lettington in Haddingtonshire, and when she died at the age of fifty-five left it to her

Sport and General

IN MORAYSHIRE

Lord Headfort, Captain Wallace and Captain Eustace Quilter moving up to the butts on Dava Moor, Castle Grant. They were members of Mr. H. S. Shonnard's shoot

IN THE BUTTS *Sport and General*

Sir Cuthbert Quilter waiting for the birds to come over at Mr. Shonnard's shoot on Dava Moor. With him is Mr. W. Wright

nephew, the then holder of the Blantyre peerage, with the request that it should be called "Lennoxlove in Blantyre." And that is why the beautiful old place has been called Lennoxlove ever since.

Is it So ?

As your Bystander was waiting for the noisy, fussy, and smoke outpouring steam tram which is the only means of communication between the little French *plage* where he was *en villégiature,* and the nearest town, he got into conversation with an English chauffeur, who was likewise waiting the tardy arrival of the tram.

The chauffeur was extremely low in his mind. He had taken his master's car into the town for a minor repair, and had been told it would be at least five days before it could be done.

"It isn't an hour's work," he said, "and if I had the tools I could do it myself. But it's always the way now, in the French garages. If it's an Englishman's car they shove it on one side, and attend to it when they think they will. But we've only got ourselves to blame. It's all our own fault!"

This sounded rather sweeping, but you can judge for yourselves from what the chauffeur said.

He told me that in all the years he had driven in France he had found French drivers most civil and obliging, and always ready to "give an English car the road." But in the last two years or so this spirit has changed, and, in his opinion, it was because English drivers are always trying to "cut in," and sometimes so ruthlessly that he had seen French cars driven right on to the side of the road, whilst the "cutter-in" disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"It's the same wherever you go in France," he said, "and we're getting a bad name. But what can you expect," he added, "when you see some of the people who bring cars out here nowadays? Blackpool's the proper place for them, not France."

"I've seen Englishmen come into a garage and expect a mechanic to leave any job he was doing to attend to their cars, and then fly into the very devil of a temper when told they must wait their turn."

A good many of us have met that type abroad. The chauffeur was quite right. They would be understood—and doubtless properly dealt with—at Blackpool.

READY FOR ACTION *Topical*

Lady Diana Wellesley (left) and Miss P. Crawshay in businesslike kit at the Somerford and District Horse Show. Miss Crawshay is the daughter of the President of the Show

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE—'

'THE MORE ELEGANT MOMENT BEFORE STEPPING IN'

'OUR SEASIDE GARDEN OF GIRLS—'

'THIS GREATER FREEDOM BETWEEN THE SEXES—'

'THIS HAS BEEN A SAD SUMMER—'

'TO IMPROVE THE APPEARANCE OF OUR COINAGE—'

'I READ THAT FIRES WERE RAGING NEAR ROQUEBRUNE—'

'NO DOUBT THESE YOUNG AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS ARE A NUISANCE.'

'RARE, INDEED, THE WOMAN WHO CAN LOOK PRETTY AS SHE COMES OUT OF THE SEA'

Bathing Girls

"Rare, indeed, is the woman who can look pretty as she comes out of the sea."

THERE'S a bombshell for you! Written by a famous author, a man of taste, after sitting on the beach and watching the bathing girls—of 1895.

Elegant Moments

AND he goes on: "Even at the more elegant moment when she drops her *peignoir* at the sea's edge, before stepping in, it is hard for her to look her best. Is it not with a finer taste, after all, that in some parts of England the women are not allowed to bathe with the men, are kept out of sight as much as possible?" This was written by a man of the world—in 1895!

Beautiful and Ridiculous

I CAME across this curious commentary on the bathing girl of thirty years ago while reading Arthur Symons's "Cities and Sea Coasts and Islands," recently published in one of those jolly little pocket editions which are becoming so popular. "A sentimental sensualist," says the author, "should avoid the French seaside. He will be pained at seeing how ridiculous a beautiful woman may look when she is clothed in wet and dragging garments."

Splendid Pioneers

YET we should be grateful to those splendid pioneers who dared to appear ridiculous in order that the bathing girl of to-day may blossom radiantly in our seaside garden of girls. I have never seen our young women look more radiant than in their latest bathing creations during the past few weeks. They have, I think, arrived at the very acme of attraction, for I cannot imagine that they could improve their appearance by wearing more—or less.

This Freedom

IT is curious that only in this greater freedom between the sexes do our seaside resorts show any signs of development. Thirty years have passed, but, apart from the point mentioned above, Mr. Symons's essay might very well have been written yesterday morning. The piers and pierrots are the piers and pierrots that our mothers knew. The children amuse themselves in time-honoured fashion. In a world of change the seaside remains our one great conservative institution, compared with which the House of Lords is riotously red!

Unhappy Playgrounds

THIS has been a sad summer for our home and foreign playgrounds. Something very like ruin has drifted down the Thames and washed against the once sunny shores of our South Coast, while real tragedy has stalked in flooded Switzerland and the burning forests of the Riviera. Only those who are in the habit of spending their winters abroad can fully appreciate the devastation that has been caused by these floods and fires, for it is difficult to take a sympathetic interest in the troubles of people or places that are unknown to us.

A Queer Little Town

WHEN I read that fires were raging near Roquebrune my thoughts flew to the queer little town just along the coast from Monte Carlo, where rocky roads climb the hill and lemon groves slope gently down to the sea. In happier times the inhabitants have nothing to do but sit around and look picturesque or drink outside the *café* in the little square, but things have been tragically different this summer along the Corniche, even if Roquebrune itself has happily escaped.

D. Wilson

Heads and Tails

THE decision to improve the appearance of our silver coinage is welcome, and I invite the artist who illustrates these "Comments" to suggest a design which may entertain readers, even though it may not be adopted at the Mint. And may I, as a loyal Briton, express the hope that, though we alter the "tail," it will be a long time before anything has to be done to the "head."

Going One Better

A THEATRICAL manager with an eye to publicity offers a ten-pound note to the correspondent who sends him the best definition of the rather curious title of the play that he is about to produce. Why not go one better, and offer a prize to the playgoer who, having seen the play, can tell anyone what it is all about?

Autograph Fiends

I NOTICE that Sandham, whose well-earned benefit was "done in" by the wettest August Saturday in memory, has two pet aversions: the stranger who talks shop and the autograph fiend who sends through the post for the signatures of the Surrey team. I'm glad Sandy doesn't pillory the youngster who, greatly daring, tackles him outside the players' entrance, for he is the enthusiast of to-morrow, and deserves every encouragement.

Jack and the Boys

No doubt these young autograph hunters are a nuisance at times, but the player with an eye the popularity of the summer game is wise not discourage them. Many guineas were placed on ndy's well-filled Benefit cards by men who collected tographs from Tom Hayward and Bobby Abel in old days, and it has always been a delight to Jack Hobbs capitulate, with a humorous shrug, to the importunities of his young admirers.

Too Much Cover

ONE result of this glorious summer has been to affect the chances of the Glorious First. Partridges may not be scarce, but they will take a deal of collecting with so much of the corn standing and stubble at a discount. The roots will provide wonderful cover, but, here, again, it is possible that we may have almost too much of a good thing.

A Pleasant Affair

SHOOTING in early September, when conditions are normal, is a very pleasant affair. To walk up the birds across stubble is an excellent preliminary to lunch on the sunny side of a hayrick. Alas! The hayrick will take as much finding as the birds in some districts where the grass lies rotting where it fell.

Too Awful!

THE condition of the farming industry at the moment is too awful to contemplate. Would that words of mine could sting the conscience of the country into effectual protest! Over the fate of two unknown Italian anarchists Englishmen were whipped into a state of angry excitement, but over the fate of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-countrymen they remain mute and inglorious. If they care, they are careful not to show it.

The New Route

BEING seated on a 'bus that was taking its leisurely constitutional down Constitution Hill, I heard a fellow-passenger complain that he had not been warned as to the new route. "There's been enough talk about it in the papers!" exclaimed the conductor, and when the passenger confessed that he didn't read the papers the official could find no words to fit the situation.

By David Wilson

"UP—DE VALERA!"

Paradox of the Press

WHEREAT I fell to musing on this paradox of the Press. People in high places are always deprecating the activities of newspaper men; giving us to understand that in the perfect social scheme newspapers will find no place. Yet when there is some point on which the world must be informed the onus falls upon our morning and evening journals, and ignorance of their contents is no excuse. Believe me, life would go hardly for the crank who does not read the papers.

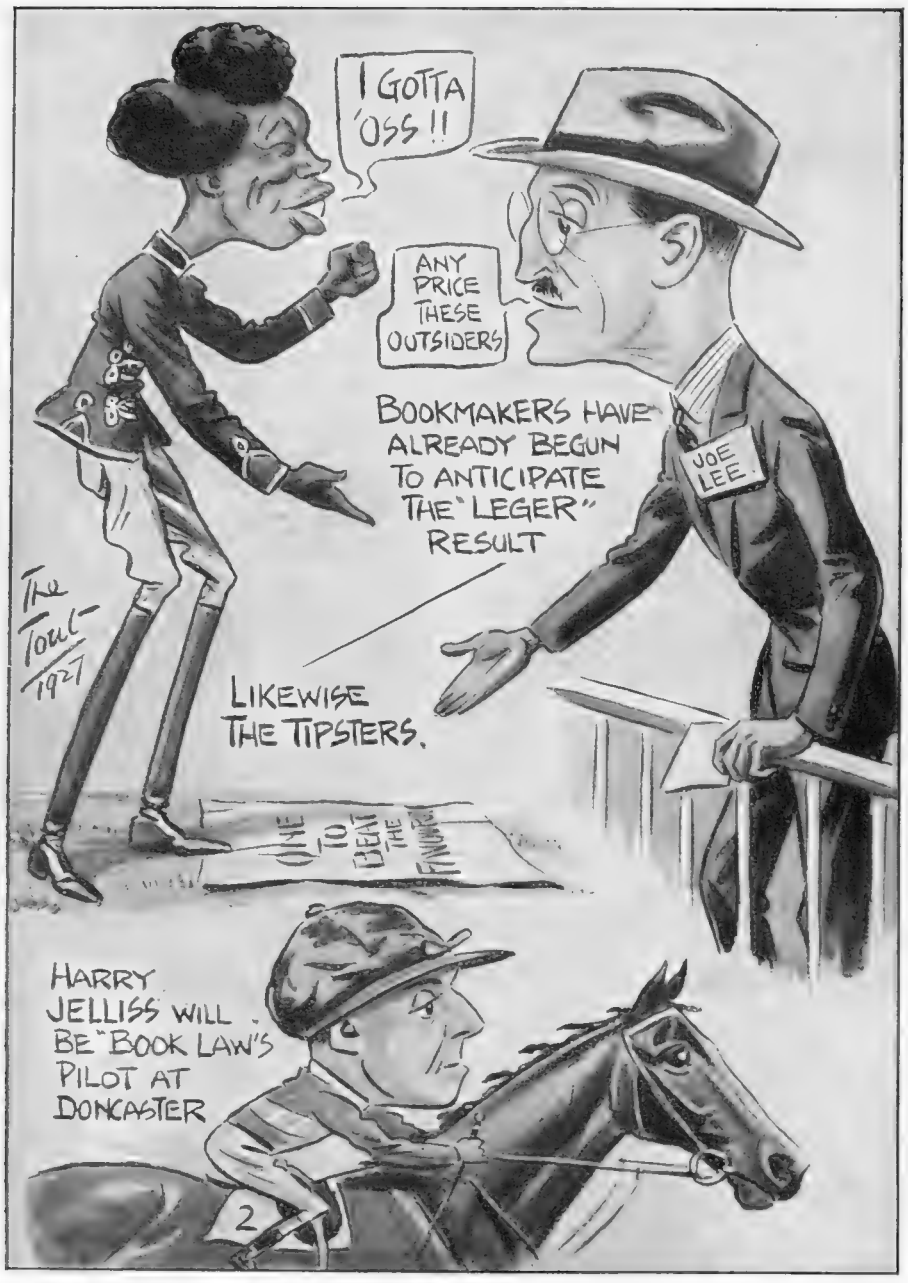
"Mr. Faithful"

HAVING journeyed out to the "Q" Theatre to see this new play by Lord Dunsany, I was so impressed by its possibilities that I urged a West End manager to make the journey westward. "What's it all about?" he asked. "It's about a man who answers an advertisement for a dog," I said. "He gets the job and does everything a dog would do, even to sleeping in a barrel and biting a man in the leg."

A Bit Steep

THE West End manager looked at me closely. I'm not sure whether he thought I was leg-pulling—or mad. "What a silly play," he said, at last. I admitted the story sounded a bit steep, but urged him to go down to Kew and form his own opinion. Did he? He did not! But though Kew is too far for him, I notice that he is starting for New York on Saturday with a view to importing more American plays.

P. R. Buchanan



RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

A Lucky Owner

I SHOULD describe Mr. Ludwig Nevmann as one of the lucky men of racing. He will perhaps tell me that it is not very lucky to have sold a colt like Comrade for 25 guineas and see him develop into a performer worth a thousand times as much. But that is only an isolated example of things going against him owing to circumstances which he could not control. When you remember all the good winners he owned before the war and the big prices he secured for the bulk of his bloodstock, you will agree that he had little cause to regret having gone in for racing. And now the Gimcrack Stakes has been won in his colours. I am wondering whether we shall hear him speak on racing matters at the annual dinner in December, or whether he will depute that task to his friend and trainer, Mr. Peter Gilpin, who would worthily fill the part. Black Watch was by no means an easy winner of the Gimcrack. Since the Celandine colt, one of the forlorn hopes of the race, ran him to a neck, one may be pardoned for wondering whether he would have beaten Jurisdiction had not that charming filly been so badly kicked at the start. Fred Darling was greatly perturbed by this accident, which he feared might jeopardise the future of Lord Dewar's filly, but I hope it will not turn out so badly as that.

St. Leger Colts

NOTHING really fresh was disclosed at York as to the prospects of the St. Leger next week. Prester John came out for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but nobody expected him to do much good under 10-st., which is hardly a fair racing weight for a three-year-old to carry over a mile and a half of heavy going. Lady Nunburnholme intends that he shall carry her colours at Doncaster, but I do not place him among the few that have a reasonable chance of winning the last of the classic races. Composure blotted her copybook once more by her faint-hearted display in the Yorkshire Oaks, and though she flatters at home she can have no earthly chance in the St. Leger Her stable companion Bythorne is also in that race, but I understand she is likely to be reserved for the Park Hill Stakes or the Doncaster Cup. Fred Darling tells me that Blue Boy will run in the St. Leger, but I cannot fancy his prospects, and I have the same to say of Son and Heir and Buckfast, both of whom will be saddled by Reg. Day in the classic event. There bids fair to be an unusual number of mediocrities in next week's field.

Book Law's Big Chance

THERE is a fair chance that Shian Mor will have something to do with the finish of the St. Leger, for his display on the Knaresmire suggests that he is now back to form. There was, however, not a great deal to boast of in his performance in the Duke of York Plate. The race really resolved itself into a burst of speed in the last quarter a mile, and Shian Mor smothered Heir Apparent in a few strides, much to the dismay of those who had freely laid odds on the latter colt. It is possible Shian Mor may run into a place in the St. Leger, just as he did in the Derby, but at the moment of writing the race on the Town Moor looks to be something like a good thing for Book Law. This filly has not encountered any really high-class colts so far, unless we include Blue Boy and Trelawny in that category, but her performances at Goodwood were so impressive that she looks like starting a warm favourite next week. A great deal, of course, depends on whether Hot Night is at his best again. Latest reports of him are decidedly favourable, and the fact that he was easily second best in the Derby impels us to regard his St. Leger candidature with respect. When I come to make a definite selection for the race next week I expect Book Law will be my first choice.

The Nursery Season

AN interesting feature of the current week's racing will be the opening of the nursery season, which coincides in date with the start of partridge shooting. I have already marked down a number of two-year-olds as likely winners of these attractive handicaps. I expect Golden Araby will be at a false price for the Devonshire Nursery at Derby on Thursday. The sharp course will suit this speedy filly, but she will not find it easy to give so much weight to **Oasis.** If **Guard's Parade** goes for the Palatine Nursery at Manchester on the following day I shall not look beyond him for the winner, especially after seeing him make such a grand effort to score at York under a tremendous burden. The Peveril of the Peak Plate is to be run on Thursday. Once again I shall be impelled to have a bit on **Dellus,** though following him has been rather an expensive pastime. The Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester on Saturday looks like falling very flat. It appears rather like a certainty for **Poet** on his running in the Ebor.

In the Saddle at Two Summer Shows

A FAMILY AFFAIR *Alfieri*

Mrs. Bell, whose husband is the Master of the South and West Wilts Foxhounds, and Miss Bell taking part in a Team Jumping competition. The photograph was taken at the Conservative Fête and Gymkhana at Horsington, near Templecombe

Photographs

IN IRELAND

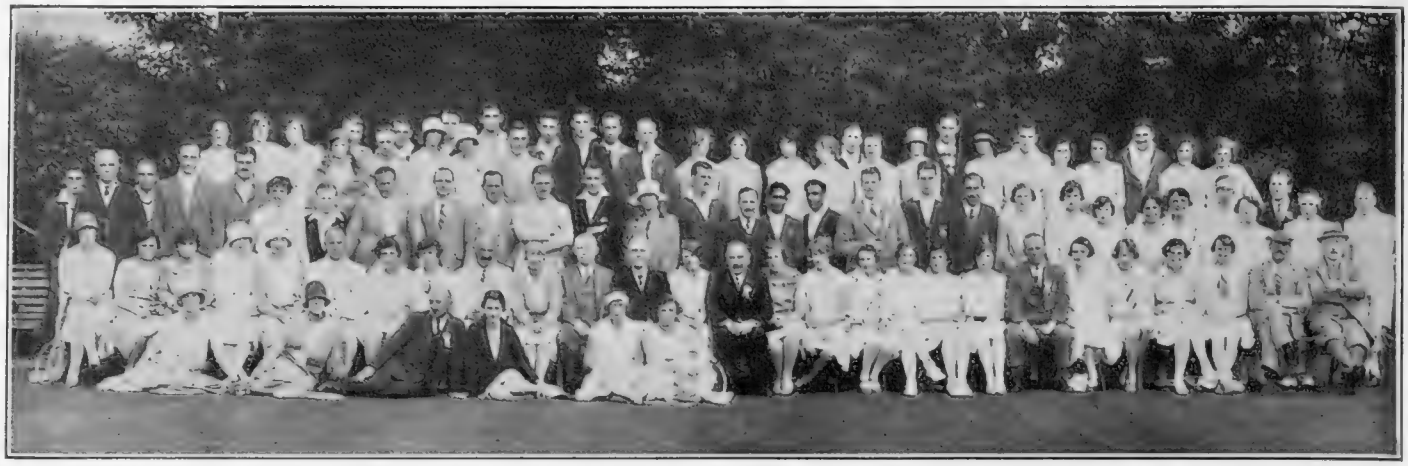
Miss Margaret Loda on Moss Rose at the Helen's Bay Horse Show. She was the winner of the class for Style and Appearance, and also of a cup for Jumping

L. N. A.

A CLEARANCE SAIL

Miss Hale on Shady Girl taking an obstacle in good style at the Helen's Bay Horse Show, Co. Down. Miss Hale was another of the lady competitors who did well, winning a silver cup and a second prize in Jumping competitions

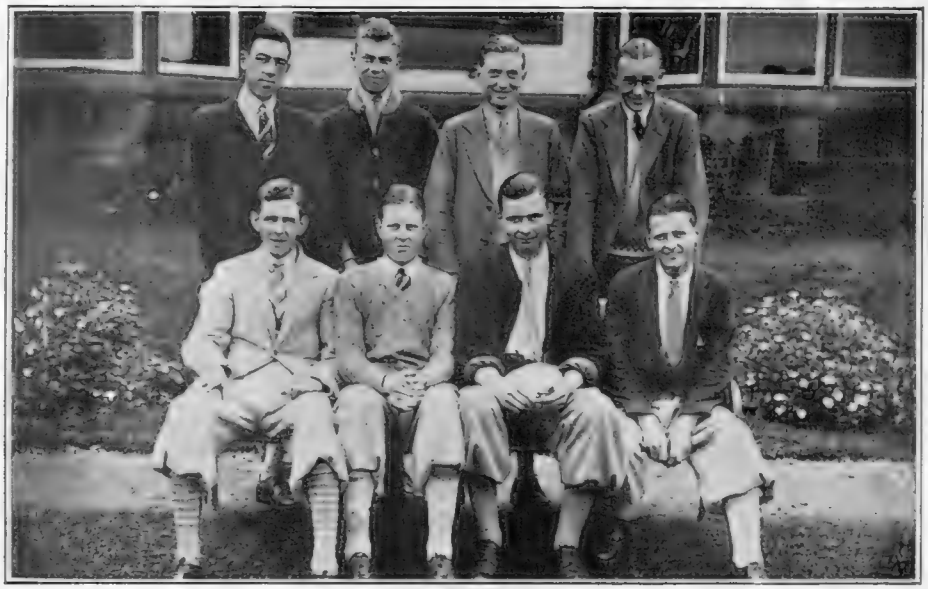
Sporting Days in the North



J. Fairweather

FACING THE PHOTOGRAPHER

A group of competitors and officials at the recent Scottish Lawn Tennis Hard Courts Championships. A large number of entries was received for the events, which were played at St. Andrews

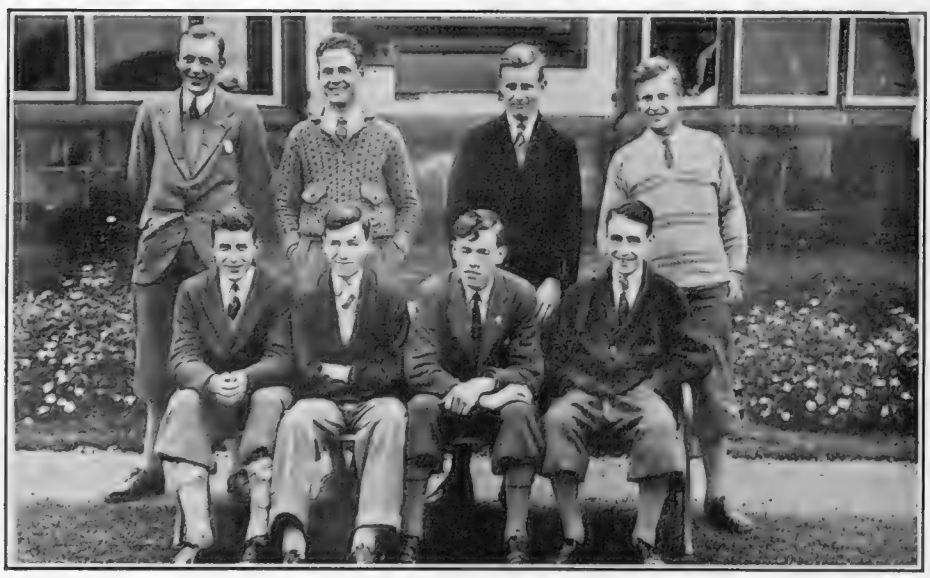


THE WINNERS

The Scottish team which beat England in the recent Boys' International at Barnton, near Edinburgh. The photograph shows, standing: G. N. S. Tweedale (left), J. S. Dyer, K. Forbes and J. McLeah. Sitting: J. S. Riddell, R. E. Bett, E. M'Ruvie and I. Buchanan

MRS. LYCETT

In action against Miss C. Beckingham in the final of the Ladies' Singles at the North of England Championships at Scarborough. She won by 6-4, 3-6, 6-2



Photographs

THE ENGLISH TEAM

The English boy golfers who lost to Scotland by seven matches to five in the recent International. The group comprises, standing: V. S. Timson (left), R. H. Crump, J. Robinson and H. Mappin. Sitting: H. B. Rhodes (left), E. W. Fiddian, R. C. Ellis and R. G. D. Riddell

Sport and General

J. C. GREGORY

Who beat R. Lycett in the final of the Men's Singles at Scarborough. Lycett retired from the match with Gregory leading 6-8, 12-10, 9-7

D. Machin

THE NEW GAME

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

By "PENDARVES"

THIIS desire for general knowledge, which seems to have broken out in an ugly rash all over England, must not be treated lightly. After all, some of the best brains in the country have got down to it and have produced of their best, or second best, putting up questions of a staggering difficulty, in the solution of which the national absorption has caused a serious slump in the Cross Word Puzzle market.

I am at the moment immersed in the following; and if any reader can extricate me I shall be prepared to sacrifice to him, or her, my hollyhock (Big Bertha), with which I am expecting to omp home with the World's Hollyhock Championship. I may add that Bertha is rising 27 feet, is sound in stalk and etal, and is *still growing*.

Who said, "Waiter, this soup's *cold*"?

What amiable gentleman offered the evening paper to a stranger at his club?

What coloured socks did Hannibal favour?

Where is Oomphzaarst?

Which is the most modest city, New York or Chicago?

What was it Miss Dimpling Kyssimi said to the Stage Manager?

Who put the pick in Piccadilly?

Which seaside hotel entertained its patrons gratis on the 1st August?

Who was the Scotsman who flung his Derby winnings into the Firth of Clyde "on principle?"

As a matter of history, you and I are not the only people who are suffering these torments just now. The Head Librarian of the Alnmouth Reference Library, who hopes to leave the Home in a few weeks, writes me that his office records show during the past month a weekly average of 973 seekers after knowledge by letters from all over the county of Northumberland; while, during the last year, 2,465 persons put through telephone calls, trunk, toll and local, asking for information, of which the following are typical samples:—

At which correspondence school in Rome was Nero's publicity agent trained?

Number of times, roughly, per month the Dean of Penzance goes night clubbing?

Names, addresses, and telephone numbers (please) of wire hawser manufacturers in Nicaragua?

Are there any Average Adjusters in Hollywood?

Where is the Pied Piper of Hamelin's godfather buried?

The history, fauna and flora, of Bolsover Street, Bethnal Green, E.

Dear me, it is an inquiring world. But what I would like also to know is, how many of the correct answers are these high-browed Headmasters, Examiners and *Littérateurs* able to produce themselves, if pressed? But then, of course, they never *are* pressed Did anyone ever know a Head pressed for an answer to anything? Heaven forbid!

However, all this is very good for the humblement of the national pride. For you see (only very occasionally, but you *do* see it) the great ones of the earth coming forward in public and actually admitting how little they know. And they admit it with such disarming frankness. I was much touched the other day when reading of the opening of the new Wing of the Temperance Hostel for Bookmakers at Wigton by Sir Prising Choice, K.B.E., J.P., D.L., who said in the course of a long speech:—"Yes, we live *and* learn, ladies and gentlemen. I remember as a small boy in these parts 'ow I used to *long* for knowledge to equip me for the 'ard 'igh road of life. That was, of course, long before I built you the Free Library—(cheers)—on 'Andcroft 'ill. (Loud cheers.) I don't flatter myself I know much now (murmurs of dissent). I don't flatter myself I . . ." [Left flattering himself.]

Sport and General

THE VICTOR'S SMILE

H. Murdoch, of Clydesdale, who recently won the Sculling Championship of Scotland for the second year in succession. He beat his opponent in the final by two lengths

By Mac

MAJOR S. KEITH THORBURN

A popular member of Sunningdale. Winning the Surrey Championship was one of his achievements

And then, too, we have the men of Big Business committing themselves to print about the abysmal ignorance of other people. For example, Lord Cornehille's letter to *The Day Before Yesterday* of last week on recent oil fluctuations is well worth notice. In it he said: ". . . a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and the sooner some people in the City, and outside it, realise this the better for the stability of the market in general and ordinary shareholders in particular . . ."

This reassuring statement had a marked effect on the market next morning, causing Anglo-Sicilians and Mex-Vultures to rise sharply. The shares gathered strength all day and closed strongly at 5 7-32 and 4 31-32 respectively.

Peradventure that was the intention of the principal shareholder's letter? Since I am credibly informed that the noble lord unloaded a fairly large block of them during the course of the day. But one does not *know*, of course. That is another of the things we ought to know—in time; but so few of us do.

E

"HELP YOURSELF" *Sasha*

Dolores Barnes (Sylvia Leslie), on the left, passes a little light refreshment to Mrs. Frost (Maisie Gay). The others gathered round the not too festive board are Guy Pendeton (Oliver McLennan), Alice Frost (Elsie Randolph), Peggy-Ann Barnes (Dorothy Dickson) and Mr. Frost (Frank Hector)

Produced July 27, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

PEGGY-ANN is a young lady who dreams dreams with a mild nightmare accompaniment. She has been engaged to Guy for three years, and she thinks, not unreasonably, that it is time the banns were put up. In her dreams she is just about to be married on two or three occasions, but something always happens to stop the ceremony at the last moment. Once all is ready for the wedding on board a yacht, and Peggy-Ann, arriving on the scene in her bridal veil, is shocked to observe that she has left her skirt behind and has turned up in her very attenuated petticoat. Sufferers from indigestion are familiar with this kind of dream, in which you fancy you have imprudently left home without first putting on your clothes, and you wonder what will happen when the policeman sees you.

THE entertainment begins in a rather novel manner for a Musical Play. The curtain rises on a scene of "straight" comedy, instead of on the usual chorus singing indistinguishable words to lively music. The first scene is nearly over before young men and women bob up from various corners and start the chorus going. It is about this time that we get the song of the evening, which is all about "A Tree in the Park" which is the meeting-place for lovers, and so much more romantic, of course, than under the railway-station-clock, to say nothing of its added advantage of the comparative seclusion essential to the development of love's young dream. It takes the form of a duet, and is charmingly rendered by Miss Dorothy Dickson as Peggy-Ann and Mr. Oliver McLennan as Guy.

BEFORE her trip to dreamland Peggy-Ann has had a few unkind words with her elder sister, Dolores, on the subject of the respective merits of their *fiancés*. Peggy-Ann cannot marry her Guy because he is too poor; while Dolores, who is engaged to the wealthier Mr. Small, is to be married immediately. In her first dream, therefore, Peggy-Ann is seen in London on her way to Regent Street, where her Guy has suddenly become the proprietor of a magnificent emporium. She will be his wealthy bride, while her sister Dolores and Mr. Small are merely inferior employees at the palatial establishment. This is of course merely the modern expression of the ancient and rather vulgar aspiration of the underlings to put down the mighty from their seats, and to exalt the humble and meek. And then, since dreams have no respect for logical sequence, Dolores and Mr. Small become the Bad Fairies of the story. Their first exploit is to stop the earliest attempt at a wedding of Peggy-Ann by doping everybody concerned with poison-gas. (Yes; I think her trouble must have been indigestion.)

THEN Peggy-Ann dreams that she owns a yacht, and is sailing merrily across the Atlantic towards Havana. In this scene Dolores and Mr. Small get going properly in their Badness. The only way to stop the second attempt at a wedding is to blow up the yacht, and this is promptly done, with a wealth of scenic effect that we used to associate with the management of the late lamented "Druriolanus." As the result of the explosion Peggy and Guy and their friends put to sea in an open boat with one oar, and indulge in a playful back-chat scene on the way to land. The scene is amusing enough, but it is the kind of thing we are accustomed to associate with provincial pantomime rather than with a West End enterprise. In this scene Miss

Maisie Gay, who is the stalwart humorist of the show, gets all the fun that is possible out of the situation, but it is a little too Christmasy in its quality for "The Premier Musical Comedy Theatre of the World," to quote the rather extravagant claim that heads the programme. Having landed from the open sea, Peggy-Ann dreams that she is at the races in Havana, and here she makes one more attempt to marry Guy, with the official help of a portly functionary who might be fairly considered to unite the Mayor and Corporation in one person. But the ceremony is scarcely begun when the Mayor (and Corporation) hears that the racing has started, and he rushes off to watch the chances of his "bob each way." So we get back to Peggy-Ann in her chair at home, where she started dreaming, and we gather that she is prepared to go on being engaged to her Guy for another three years, if necessary, though even then she will not have broken the record of Rachel of old and the young man Jacob.

The ladies of the chorus, for the most part bare and shapely of limb, are very lively, with a marked proficiency in the high-kicking branch of their industry. When they are acting as a choral escort for Peggy-Ann on her trip to London they naturally feel called upon to dress a little more stylishly than country fashion requires. The change of costume is effected very amusingly and ingeniously in front of the audience. The ladies remove their outer garments and pose gracefully in their delicate lingerie while they adapt their country frocks to the town mode by the simple process of turning them inside out. The effect is very satisfying, and as the ladies dance off joyously you feel that they will be able to hold their own in Regent Street with the best of their kind.

Dancing is a particularly strong point in this production. Some of the exhibitions in this respect seem to have been framed more as a test of physical endurance rather than as an excursion into the fine arts. In one of the dances performed by almost the whole company in the torrid heat of Havana, the men affect to be overcome by the high temperature, and remove their coats and collars as they dance, while the ladies look on enviously as if they regretted their inability to follow suit. I should not like to say that this procedure

heightens the artistic value of the dancing; but it seems to be considered as adding to the humour of the entertainment. On the other hand, many of the dances have all the usual grace and charm that we look for in a play of this sort, especially when Miss Dorothy Dickson as Peggy-Ann is personally conducting a turn of the sort.

Miss Dickson is indeed the all-round star of the show. When a touch of pathos is called for, she pitches it in with just the right emphasis, and now and again she has a little patter to speak which gains in humour by her delicate but obvious American accent. Her song, "A Little Birdie Told Me So," is one of the hits of the evening; and when it looks as if the story were about to drag a little she is promptly on the spot to galvanise it into life again.

The scenery is quite elaborate, and one or two of the musical numbers have the necessary quality that makes for popularity; but I do not think, as a Musical Play, *Peggy-Ann* is quite up to our exacting London standard.

Jingle.

"DREAMS, IDLE DREAMS . . ." *Sasha*

Peggy-Ann (Dorothy Dickson) wakes from a dream of her adventures in Havana to find her "boy" by her side. To judge by her expression, she prefers the dream to the reality!

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

IT is a curious coincidence that this year as well as last year the British Isles had its summer on a Wednesday.

. . . . . .

A QUERULOUS query:—How many people are there in London to every square meal?

. . . . . .

"I STAND by Peggy every time."

"Alas! every time I fall for her!"

. . . . . .

"JIM," asked "Yours till Closing Time" of the publican, "how many barrels of beer do you sell during the week?"

"Oh, about six."

"I can tell you how to sell seven."

"And how?" enquired the proprietor.

"By giving full measure!!!"

. . . . . .

A NONCONFORMIST divine says that the three great curses are: Tobacco, Racing, and Drink. In other words, Baccy, Backers, and Bacchus!

. . . . . .

CRIMES of violence in New York are rapidly on the increase. Surely this fact ought to put some of those Chicago bandits on their gun metal.

. . . . . .

LOOKING through the visitors' book at a London hotel we noticed the entry, "H. Harvey and manservant." We could scarcely forbear from appending underneath the slogan: "*H'ave atque vale-t.*"

. . . . . .

TWICE last week in the provinces the electric hare was caught. Spectators of the episodes declare that it was a hair-raising sight.

. . . . . .

AT a dance in Norwich three girls were robbed of their slave bangles. Here we have another clear case of Robbery Under Arms.

. . . . . .

"JONES'S anecdotes just about suit his physiognomy."

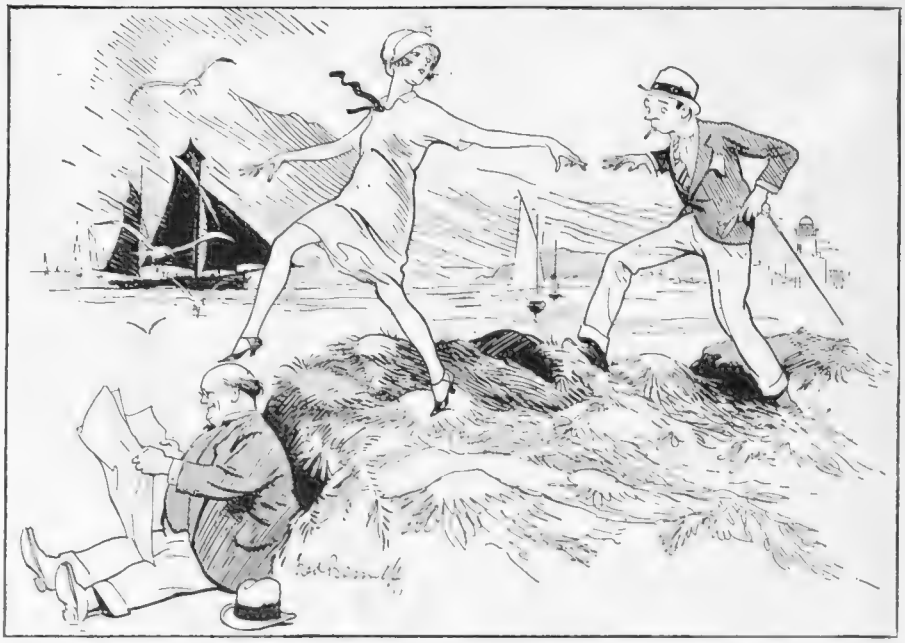
"Why?"

"They've both got whiskers on 'em."

. . . . . .

"I CAN'T think, doctor, how he could have caught measles in the heart of the country."

"Well, there are certainly a few sequestered spots about him."



By FRED BENNETT

HEADING FOR DISASTER

HE: "This seaweed is very slippery, dear"
SHE: "It's all right if you keep on the bald patches, George"

FROM a report of a practice match at Highbury:—"The centre-forward then hit the goal-post." Even though the custodian had irritated him, this is going too far.

. . . . . .

ASK any girl who is wearing diaphanous garments on a windy day what she thinks of the uninvited gust.

AS SOME SEE HER

She dances all night,
While the hours take their flight,
She gambles and swears like Old Nick;
She powders her skin,
And her ankles are thin,
Yet her stories are equally thick!

. . . . . .

IN the new dance legs are apt to get entangled. We understand that one step is called the Yale lock.

. . . . . .

HAD Shakespeare profiteering landlords in his mind when he wrote, "See what a rent the envious Casca made"?

. . . . . .

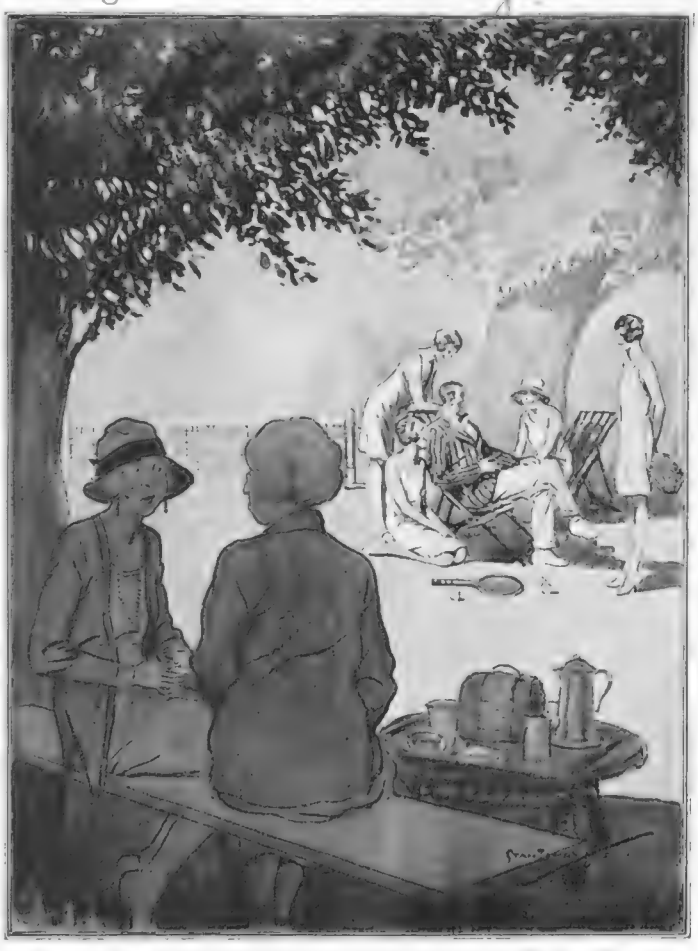
Said a mistress, "Now what's my maid, Mary, at?
For she's copied my country-maid, dairy, hat.
Education's to blame,
And I think it's a shame
To pamper the low proletariat."

. . . . . .

SILVER-PLATED likenesses of owls are now common as motor mascots. But we doubt whether they are as good hooters as the live variety.

. . . . . .

LONDON hostesses are still perplexed about the problem of the uninvited guest. One remedy, though a drastic one, would be to have the uninvited gassed.



By STAN TERRY

BUTTERFLIGHTY

THE AUNT: "Has Keith any hobbies?"
THE MOTHER: "Yes, he collects butterflies!"

Doing His Whack

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A sensible schoolmaster devoting three hours of each day during the holidays to keeping his hand in

"A Dainty Dish"

Dorothy Wilding

Madeline Gibson in one of the striking costumes she wears in "Champagne Time" at the Cochran show at the Trocadero. She is arrayed as a "Salmon Mayonnaise"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

As most French people live a long way from the sea, and, *comme suite,* have but a restricted interest in the habits of the denizens thereof, it would be futile to tell them, during the period of silly season topics, of the reappearance of the sea serpent. It would be a waste of inventiveness, I mean, because so many of them would be prepared to accept the accuracy of the report without question just as readily as thousands show a pathetic belief that there are fish in the Seine in Paris by dangling a line therein for hours, and wasting a good five francs' worth of *asticots,* when they might be gathering luscious blackberries that are left to rot on the bushes.

But the unsuitability of the sea serpent as topical material is recompensed by the unfailing appropriateness of the *octroi* abolition, a task which would certainly have to be included among the labours of any modern Hercules whom France might discover for the clearing off of a few of the nation's big jobs. Visionary Frenchmen have been trying to get rid of the *octroi* millstone since the year VII of revolutionary times, but the *octroi* which, as you know, is the toll that towns and villages exact on produce coming from other localities, still defies the most ardent reformers, and the project is not often revived now except in the slack days of summer.

Almost the only hope seems to lie in the fact that the *octroi* may over-reach itself in Paris, and, by so tying transit activities in inextricable knots, make its abolition absolutely compulsory. Should Paris set the lead, the country towns would very likely follow. The Paris "Tubes" are now being carried out to those suburbs where things grow and multiply, and when these extensions are completed the *octroi* officials will undoubtedly demand the establishment of *octroi* offices along the route, because when Parisian *bourgeois* go out to visit the cousins of the aunts' *beau-frère* in the *banlieue* they never fail to bring back a chicken, two pounds of butter, and three dozen eggs, and the *octroi* men will want to collect the twopence tax. But "Tube" trains with their five-minutes' service cannot be held up like main-line railway trains or tramcars while *octroi* sleuths go crawling under the seats for dissimulated fowls or eggs wrapped up to look like "the laundry." Otherwise the "Tubes" would soon be out of action.

"Will want to collect the twopence tax"

Therefore, the sooner the underground extensions are completed the better the prospects for an early *octroi* demise. Without a check on the "Tubes" there could be no check anywhere, as all the local smugglers would go below ground to escape the tax. And my personal hope is that the passing of the *octroi* nuisance from Paris will mean also its banishment from Caen and similar over-enthusiastic provincial capitals. Caen does not merely impose you on what you take in but also on what you carry through. Should you choose to convey a lonely egg from a village on one side of the city to a village on the other, the hundred-per-cent. efficient *octroi* veterans at the *barrières* will seek to extract *centimes* from you. The tradition of the Conqueror is faithfully maintained.

"As a little Napoleon"

Really, it is wonderful what French people will put up with from vested interests such as organised officials and corporate

bodies. I have just been reading the response which was rendered, with as much superciliousness as tardiness, to the numbers of people who appealed for return railway tickets to be made available for a reasonable period during the principal holiday weeks of August. All the satisfaction they received was communication of a wonderful table detailing the periods of validity for return tickets generally, change from which was refused. For distances of a hundred kilometres, two days; for two hundred kilometres, three days; for three hundred kilometres, four days; for four hundred kilometres, five days; and so on, with an extra day for every hundred kilometres, till, by the time the traveller has passed a thousand kilometres he is accorded the marvellous concession of ten days.

"Dangling a line therein for hours"

And a thousand kilometres is six hundred and twenty-five miles, which is rather a long journey for a holiday excursion. One would imagine that most people who go six hundred miles would wish to stop at least a month, but French railway officials scarcely seem to think so. Anyhow, if they do, they mean to make their victims pay extra for it by buying two single tickets. Should the Parisian wish to revel in the exceptional luxury of a return ticket that is available for a whole month, he has to purchase a *billet* for London or some place in the British Isles, where public opinion has a more effective habit of dictating its needs and ensuring that they shall be met. Just because English people can have monthly tickets French people can have them, too—if they travel on the same service.

But they cannot have them within their own country because there it is the railway officials who dictate. Can you conceive of a British railway man employing his statistical capacities in compiling such a table as the aforesaid, with its rigid limitation of so many days for so many hundred kilometres, let alone daring to tell the travelling public that such class-room arithmetic will be imposed upon it? He would probably be led to a speedy suicide before the great wave of ridicule that would roll upon him. But the French travelling public, long trained in patient suffering, not only sits down to it but finds it natural. The Frenchman endures it in every walk of life, for every official looks upon himself as a little Napoleon who must draw up Codes and Rules for the regulation of all and sundry within his reach.

"What a shock a French golfer sustained"

I imagine that when golf has secured a real hold throughout France in a few years—as it promises to do by the rapid spread of its popularity—that French golfers will be the only ones in the world who will know all the hundreds of rules by which this so-called game is burdened. They will revel in telling an opponent that he had lost a stroke because his ball had "oscillated" after he had taken his stance in a bunker. I occasionally play a round with a purposeful *vicomte* who can recite the whole of the rules of golf, and he takes as much pride in this as Macaulay felt in being able to remember every word of "Paradise Lost" and the tragedies of Shakespeare.

It is an awful outlook really. You will comprehend what a shock a French golfer sustained when he was told by an English secretary that no penalty had been incurred by an opponent who had hit his ball on the green during a stroke competition. There arises the dread prospect that we who play golf in this country will have to memorise that medley of rules ourselves. *Quelle horreur!* René.

J. Blampied 01

UN BON COUP DE PIED

BY [illegible]

A. E. Johnson

VANITY FAIR À

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

AIR À LA MODE

BY PETER

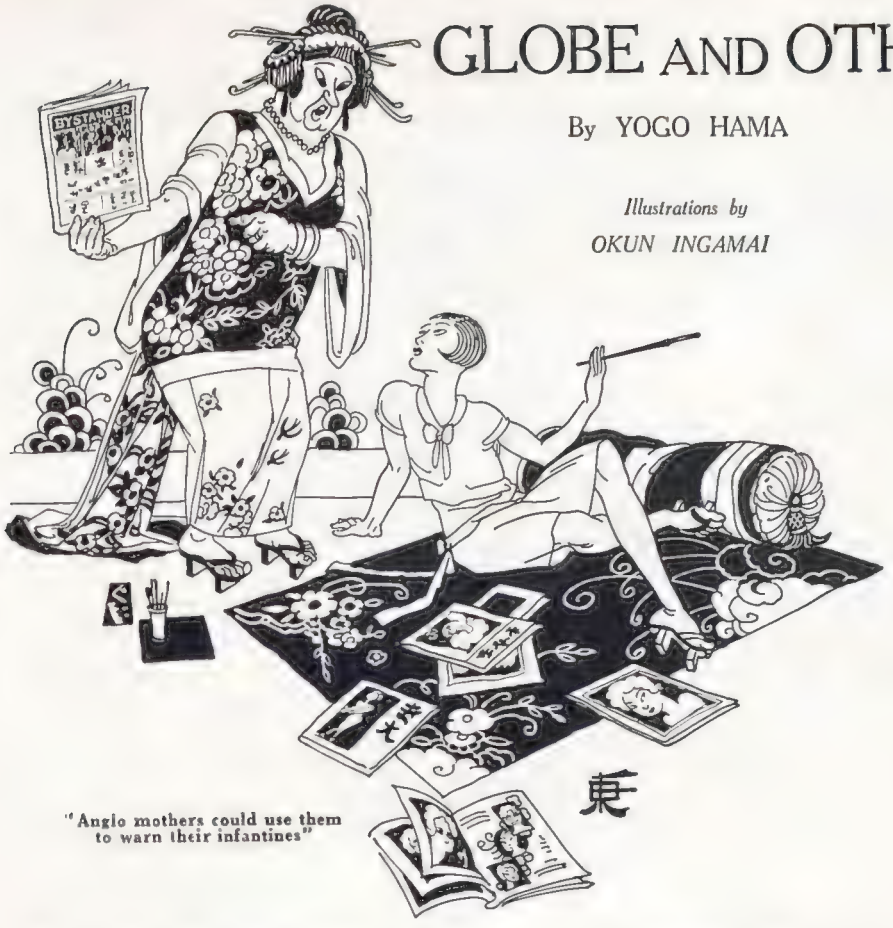
THE AMPHIBIANS: 1927

On The Lido everyone leads the amphibious life. Splashing his way among the bathers, the fruit merchant does a brisk trade, his wares presumably being supplied on "tick!"

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by
OKUN INGAMAI



"Anglo mothers could use them to warn their infantines"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

HABITUATED as I are to more as tons of correspondents per weekly from my countlessly innumerous admirers, I are entirely non-able to adequately cope with the floods of letters which have enswamped me *re* concerning my so amazing exposure scoopings of Filmburg, Cal. To show the so world-wide and boiling indignations these awful divulgings have erupted, I shall quote 2 or 3 of these so eye-opening documents. An Anglo-British mother writes as per follows:

"Honoured Sir:—I can scarcely cause my unfertile pen to depict the bounding gratitudes I have experienced to feel for your so great and noble works. It are more as a million pities that same are not translated into wireless propagandoes so that all Anglo mothers could use them to warn their infantines (masc and femn) of the so speechless horrors of Filmburg and the awful lives of the moving-stars. I prognose that this would kill in less as 1 blow the wicked desires of our younger generations to avoid honest and lucrative toils, so they can achieve to become moving-stars at fabulous but piousless £s per weekly on the screen. I think the parentals of this country should subscribe you a memorial or suchly plaster monument for the so priceless blessings evoked by your genius pen. Trusting to hope you will live to be very ripe and hoary, I imbeg to always remain a Mother of 15 (all girls)."

It are solicitless gratitudes like as the above which sustain me to endure the non-speakable fatigues of my so epochal labours. O, I ejacule, how much more better assets it are to reap loving hearts and suchly mundaneless rewardings, than mereish carnal drosses which cause us to only become haughtish and non-ecclesiastical! Permit I should also quote the as follows *communiqué* from a well-known member of the Upper 10 classes:

"Hon. Sir:—It are more less as seldom that I read the depictings of journals which purvey only sportings, dramatics and suchly intelligentless and low-browish pursuits. But my attentions have been called to your dazzling and epoch-raising articles in Hon. BYSTANDER, where you decant the so wicked and scandalous state of conditions in Filmburg, Cal. I have enjoyed your terrible divulgences with aghastness and amazements because they prove to disputelessly show that our so boasted civilisation are degenerating to the dogs like as the Romans and other defunct species. I feel I cannot do more less as purvey my congratules to Hon. BYSTANDER for having succeeded to secure 1 of (if not the) most dazzling, corruptless, pure-thinking and modest geniuses that this hemisphere has ever suffered to produce. Why are it that we fail to possess more *literati* who, like you, grasp their pen in both hands and falteringlessly disgorge us only pure truths from the globe's blackest spots? Permit I should aspire to remain yours respectfully, Lord ——."

But you must not run away to suppose that my so hair-erecting scoopings have secured me only nose and other sweetish-smelling gays. Very to the contrary, as per follows:

"Sir:—I cannot succeed to ascertain how a scrupleless, conscienceless, truthless, educationless, non-literate, carnal and degraded ink-hound like as yourself could succeed to worm his tainted, sycophantic, discredited and honourless pen into the 1-ce pure pages of a reputable journal like Hon. BYSTANDER. Things have arrived to more as a pretty pass when suchly journal stoops itself to blushlessly imprint the wicked, scoop-mongering, inspireless and honestless vulgar verbosities of a talentless, egopeptic and Oriental ignoramus who

"A well-known member of the Upper 10 classes"

cannot succeed to even write English for nuts, or open his mouth without planting both feet concurrently in same; a mereish mediocrity pot-boilings ink-splasher who lives for only bribings and *backsheesh*, and will 1 day imbust himself with his own wind-bags like the frog who tried to grow into a lion. I have read your alleged and so-called 'exposures' of Filmburg, Cal., but have not yetly succeeded to even smell a single O.K. exposure or scandal, but only froth and other gaseous verbiages. I have requeshed Hon. Editor to desponge my name from the Free List, and shall not ever again soil my fingers by touching the so esteemless, ½-baked, feeble-brained and windy contributings which squirt from your addled pen with a barge or other respectable pole. Yours sincerely, Disgustibus."

"It will be choc with the most allureish and complete details"

Needless to say, I shall not dream to stain my honourable pen by lowering it to emit responses to the pitiful envies of this tileless *gobemouche* whose Hon. and extremely luckless parentals nondoubtlessly performed *hara-kiri* more rather than face the so awful results of their nuptialling. I shall now depict only 1 more letter to prove that the life of a world-wide *literati* and truth-searcher are not all beer and 9-pins:

"This are to inform that if you noncease to depict your exposures of Filmburg, Cal., your life will not be worth a purchase. Now and henceforthly you are a Marked Man, so haste to beware before it are too late. Signed by Fearless Dugbanks, Chief Klux of the Brothers of the Rubicund Razor, Filmburg, Cal. (Approved by the Board of Censors.)"

All so well, I ensneer, but I are by not any means the species of person to suffer my pen to be gagged by the hollow threatings and feeble frothings of this so notorious band of cut-throaters. At no matter how awful costs or priceless risks to Hon. Editor and staff of this journal, I shall heroishly urge my pen to hesitatelessly impicture the horrors, villainies, scandals, infamies and other parallelless attractions that will cause every proper-minded and legitimate person to quake to their very foundations."

Kindly to therefore note that my nextly week's extractions will be entirely surpassless for their authentic horrors and divulgences and the awful lights they will shed upon the nameless and frightful secrets of this black and fearful spot. It will be choc with the most allureish and complete details and informations almost too awful for human pen to depict, to say not anything of frightfully exclusive photographics specially prepared from sketchings made by a very secret agent.

Yogo Hama

Stage Photo Co.

SONG TIME

A scene from one of the musical numbers in "Shake Your Feet" at the Hippodrome, which, although produced for only a limited run, has proved a real winner. Gwen Farrar is seen singing one of her songs kindly assisted by some of the "ladies and gentlemen of the *ensemble*"

Hassall

A Spirited Performer

BY THORPE

"Gerald's just doing his fifth round"
"What, five?"
"Well, one on the course and four at the nineteenth"

In the Paddock at the August Meetings

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT AND LORD RONALDSHAY

LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP, MISS WILMOT AND MRS. FAGAN

The Hurst Park August meeting was well attended, and some good racing was seen. The photographs show some of "those present"

Photographs

LT.-COLONEL L. E. PILKINGTON AND MISS PILKINGTON

THE HON. MRS. BEATTY AND CAPT. RILEY LORD

British Illustrations

THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD WITH MR. PEEL

A trio of photographs of onlookers at the Haydock Park meeting. Like the meeting at Hurst Park, it was fortunate in seeing King Sol "well placed" instead of being among the "also ran"

On Shooting Bent in Perthshire

MR. W. A. COX

LORD DEVONPORT AND SIR FRANK CRISP

Photographs

SIR GEORGE HENNESSY

Sport and General

THE RT. HON. GEORGE LAMBERT

Above are seen Lord Devonport and some of his guests who took part in the recent shoot which took place over the Kinloch Moors at Meigle

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

ALMOST the first thing you do at the seaside is to buy a popular guide to the place.

Having, in old age, made the discovery that all popular guides are alike, I propose offering to you in this journal a guide that will do for any seaside.

The first attraction of my popular guide, you will recognise, is that it has no wrapper or cover to dampen your spirits. The front cover of the usual 6d. guide shows a view of sunshine (thus dating the thing at once as pre-war) and two smiling girls with skirts flapping round their ankles. Sometimes there is depicted a man in flannels and wearing a straw hat of the gent 's boater variety, and, if you are a girl of the period, you will reflect, "Fancy it being necessary to scare the birds away from the beach."

The first information in your popular guide concerns the population and the early-closing day. Yes. I exclude both because visitors loathe the population, and early-closing day makes no difference to the sale of drinks and tobacco. True, a girl might want some knitting-wool for her mother on a Wednesday afternoon, but we can't cater for girls with woolly mothers.

Sweeping aside the lists of hotels and boarding-houses, I approach the task of describing to you the seaside town you are visiting.

SITUATIONS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

This beauty spot has undergone no material change since the Conquest. If you think it has, prove it. Subsidences occasionally take place, the inhabitants of shore-side boarding-houses sometimes meeting prematurely with the common fate of man, but the stranger taking a general view, if he approaches from the sea, will at once perceive the usual triumphs of the builder, the same coloured sea as on the Riviera, the wealth of floral bloom, and the sunshine over all completing the picture.

TEMPERATURE.

This lovely region is never too hot in summer and never too cold in winter. In fact, it might be spring, summer, autumn, or winter, just as your fancy suggests. There is never any rain, merely a sea-fret that soaks you through to the bone and gives you the thrilling experience of realising what it feels like to be pushed constantly overboard from a raft, without running the slightest risk.

WIND.

This is permitted to enter the town occasionally in order to sweep and clean the streets. Visitors cheerfully carry off the dust in their eyes and ears in order to save the local council any scavenging costs.

THE PIER.

The pier has been destroyed by a storm, but is now repaired. It supports at the far end a booby-hutch, where you can hear two-penny concerts for threepence, and some fat anglers who are always feeding conger with fishing-tackle.

"Policemen go there frequently just to laugh"

THE ESPLANADE.

This is a place for walking up and down, and policemen go there frequently just to laugh at those who are not. Near enough to make no matter are the *Gardens*, where everything is charming, particularly the verdant banks of the tiny and musical stream which sings a merry song as it passes over the rocks to pay tribute to Old Ocean. (If you know a guide book with slush in it riper than that chunk, let me hear from you.)

THE WAR.

We cannot refrain from mentioning that we have a memento of the Great Conflict in the form of an unexploded shell washed ashore near the band-stand. If it had exploded, it would have slain the band-

(*Continued on page 404*)

In the Limelight

Ira Hill

A charming camera study of talented Gertrude Lawrence, who will soon be once again delighting theatregoers on this side of the Atlantic. She is to be the leading lady in "Oh, Kay!"—the new musical show due at His Majesty's on September 19

master and two councillors who happened to be paddling at the time. All three have since taken the shell's hint, we may mention in passing. There are a few beach bungalows which may be hired when to let. When not to let, they may not be hired.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

TAXI-CABS.—The minimum uniform charge for taxi-cabs here is 3s., and constitutes the most alarming piece of effrontery ever known in these islands since Milton charged £10 for Paradise Lost (a poem).

BATHING.—Visitors at first sight may regard this as awful, but if they think of other resorts they will agree that it is not more awful than elsewhere. Moreover, bathing here achieves a certain wistful allure when it acknowledges itself to be awful. If a visitor makes up his mind to overlook drawbacks and hold his nose while actually submerged, he may think the bathing quite good. If one may be permitted to say it, the sea is a little more like the sea than at other places because there is less of it, which makes it more inviting. A ruined bathing-machine may be inspected and occupied for half an hour for the small sum of 6d.

"Makes up his mind to overlook drawbacks"

Boating, Sailing, Fishing, Bowls, Concerts, Cricket, Dances, Golf and Tennis.

See Bathing.

THEATRE AND CINEMA.

All the greatest London stars appear during the season at the Albert Hall, Marwick Terrace, St. Boniface Street, Dudley Road.

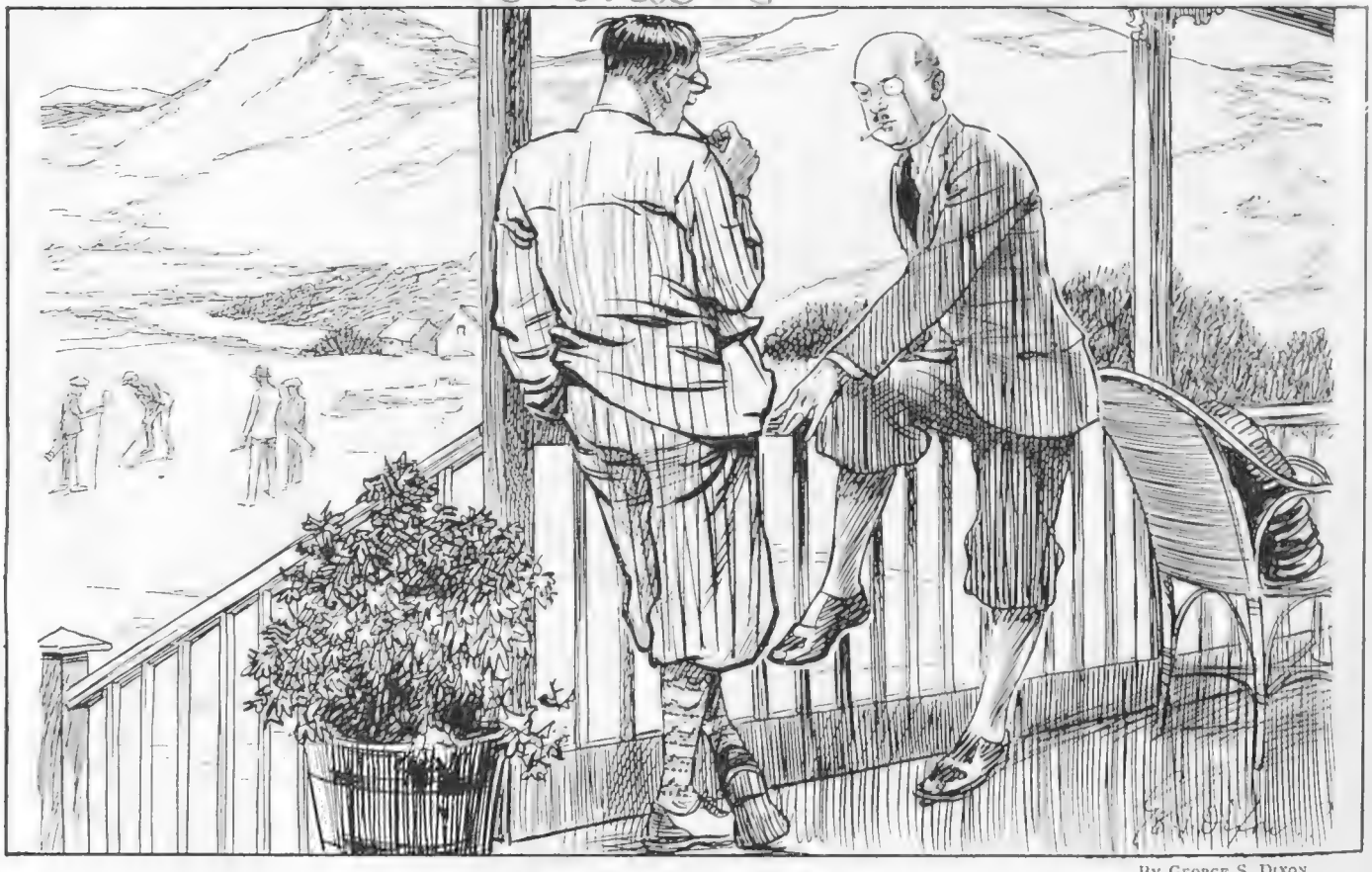
We have only one cinema, the Bijou. This name is pronounced *By-few* locally, and when you meet the proprietor behold! it is so.

CELEBRITIES.

The Rev. Septimus Sneer, author of "Truths for Laymen," lies, as usual, in the Churchyard. There is a house in Dudley Road where Admiral Hookeye lived as a child. He broke the boom, you will remember, at Stewthesago, for which the Spaniards have never forgiven us.

ERRATA.

The paragraphs beginning "*A granite obelisk to mark, etc.,*" and "*Entrance to the Park is obtained by the Park entrance if, etc.,*" should be read after the paragraph which ends "*the late Lord Tennyson, also, as in 'I wind about and in and out,' and, from many points, affords us splendid views.*" Also on p. 7 alter "*But we are getting sentimental*" to "*But we are getting bored rigid.*" B. M. H.



BY GEORGE S. DIXON

A VERY "CLUBBABLE" FELLOW!

THE BRITISHER: "Splendid view of the Welsh mountains you get from this course"
THE AMERICAN (*unimpressed*): "Mountains? Gee, I thought they were bunkers"

Quite a Different Complexion

BY STAN TERRY

SHE: "The worst of sitting in the stalls is that one sees so much make-up"
HE: "But, darling, you'd find the dress circle people just as bad!"

Pyjamas and Sea-serpents

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Haven't any of the critics ever been to the Paris theatres?"

LONDON, *August* 29.

DEAR COUSIN,

PYJAMAS or not pyjamas? that is the question of the moment—yes, it's not so terribly often *we* get a nine days' wonder, as they used to call it, out of the stage; but these are, after all, rather emptyish, lazyish, holidayish days, are not they? And there being apparently no sea-serpents around these days, positively as a boon and a blessing to men (*and* women) has come, meseems, this new play, *Potiphar's Wife*, they're all talking about, complete with slumber suit, as so described, I believe, in U.S. And as worn by heroine (if we've got to call her that) in Act I, Scene 2, of aforesaid play.

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SUBJECT whereof you'll get quite possibly a glimmering or inkling of from title, and in very truth and sooth, dear cousin, you've guessed right first time. And if you happen to 've forgotten your Bible reading just a bit, you'll be all right when you fall into your stall at the Globe, 'cos there it is all in your programme. All the plot of the play supplied free gratis and for nothing, and all straight from Genesis, with chapter and verse and all that sort of thing. And certainly the story, being what it is . . . well, I mean . . . oh, anyway, not too terribly surprising if someone suggested that . . . but no. No one seems to mind one little bit about the rather odd affairs that happened—in the way of being shocked, I mean. It's just the pyjamas as worn by charming Jeanne de Casalis in the big and important scene (see Genesis) that there's been all the chat concerning—and the fluttering of dove-cotes *comme on dit*, and interviewing of bishops, actresses, prominent K.C.s, Harley Street doctors, Bond Street dressmakers, and other modest and retiring persons that only the call of duty will drag out into the fierce and devastating rays of the limelight, what?

卐

BUT how rather entertaining and rather like some of the things that happen in this amusing little world of ours, is not it? All sorts of people breaking Commandments, or, anyway, trying to—and they really *are* rather fragile kind of things. But no one seems to mind one little bit about *that*. All the fuss, bother, and chat being just over that little bit of chiffon that charming Jeanne has across her chest with those quite sweet georgette and lace pyjamas that are worn open in front. Is it or isn't it . . .? Well, must confess on the first night, anyway, it rather *was*. A bit revealing, I mean. But dash it all, likewise blow, haven't any of the critics ever been to the Paris theatres? Or gone bathing, or . . .?

卐

ANYWAY, there it is, and for a whole week at least a whole nation has been intrigued, not to say agitated, by this simply terrible and world-shaking problem of what you could or couldn't see through Lady Potiphar's pyjamas. Isn't it too perfectly priceless? And rather tends to show, doesn't it, what *au fond* quite pleasingly simple and human and fatuous creatures we continue to be, spite of all the frosty-faced highbrows and stern so-called idealists that seem so fruitfully to multiply upon this mortal planet. Signs whereof are to be observed in the novel as well as the play of the moment—but of that more anon.

卐

NOT that the above-mentioned play's in the very least on back-to-Nature lines, not by any means, *bien entendu*. And quite determinedly decadent things some of the people in it say, like about adolescence being the age at which a young man nowadays decides his sex, and *mots* such as, "If this is love, give me married life"; also, as remarked by one of Wilde-cum-Coward-cum-Lonsdale young persons therein: "How dare you be unfaithful to my wife?" Bad, bold lads (and lasses), aren't they? But, after all, it's the pyjamas that really matter, and are apparently going to fill the theatre for some little time, what's more. Just shows, doesn't it, that a poor girl mustn't be too careful. I mean, or whatever the ancient proverb or aphorism says.

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BUT talking of the novel of the moment "Dusty Answer" that is, by Rosamond Lehmann, name thereof being

"The local inhabitants are terribly vexed"

pinched from George Meredith's lines :—

Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life—

Well, a quite lovely heroine it's got, with deep, dark eyes and a slim body and a heart and a brain, but not in the least tiresomely clever in the Wilde, or even H. G. Wells, manner. And one of those entirely human persons, too, who are somehow quite straightforward and simple spite of infinite complexities and the kind of mind that sees things and people and every little turn of their characters and ways. Though Mr. Arnold Bennett seemingly doesn't like the book, and even calls it pedestrian—poor dear Mr. Bennett, I think he'd really like *Potiphar's Wife*, though I didn't see him there on the first night.

"What with Piccadilly up"

But this heroine I was talking of, she gets badly let down by both the people she passionately adores, one a man, and the other a girl she's at Cambridge with. Rather intriguing sidelights, by the way, on the ways of undergraduettes herein—and oh, my dear, what a somewhat soppy and sloppy crowd they would appear to be, most of them. Not including, of course, dark-eyed Judith and her equally lovely *chère amie* Jennifer, the blade who kept so adorably ejaculating b——y and other strange but modish oaths, and that she loved with such a deep and clinging *passion*. But then that's the way, isn't it, with the foolish people who feel things—to be let down, I mean. . . . It's the Mrs. Potiphars that seem to drop on their feet every time, don't they?—but then, of course, they haven't ever got very far to fall, what?

Simply heaps and loads of plays there are coming on now, am told, now the first-night season's really set in with even more than its usual severity, and I suppose London'll start filling up again soon, though between you and me not much real sign or symptom thereof, probable or expected, for the next week or two or three. Not that there aren't always plenty of *people* in it, *and* traffic—though, heaven be praised, they don't let taxis loiter any more—*and* noise, what with Piccadilly up and 'buses, *Dieu nous garde*, actually being allowed positively to rumble and roar and explode and ting-a-ling past the very Palace itself. All jolly nice and democratic, of course, like the gent's straw boaters the Princes 've been wearing way out on the old plantations in Canada—but I do hope H.M. won't absolutely make it the fashion and *dernier cri* to have motor 'buses passing your very door or . . . Or else it's me for either the padded cell or else the South Sea Islands, complete with a ukulele and a little skirt of bananas or scarlet hibiscus, whatever that may be.

P'raps, as Norah Blaney so sweetly and syncopatedly hath sung to us—

The devil is afraid of music—
Sing, brothers, sing!

But the above-mentioned Fiend, am perfectly certain sure, is a perfect Devil for Noise. That infinite, unending, crashing, smashing noise that chases us so inevitably and unescapably in our great cities all the time. And that at last I'm glad to say at least one or two people have finally discovered is simply breaking us up, those who have to live through it, whether we know it or not. "The intolerable, injurious, and preventible din of everyday life," someone sums it up in a long and serious letter to *The Times*, whereat loud cries of "Hear, hear!" and "Encore!" from your Blanchette (and all other persons, methinks, of more or less the ordinary sort or kind of sensibility, what?). And even suggests, not to say insists, he does, on a Royal Commission on Noise to start sitting right away, and tell them all to Shush and Shut up.

One and only really guaranteed quiet spot here in London now being, in sooth, the clubs, the men's ones, I mean. Though as it's cleaning time just now, and some of the clubs taking in members of others while their rooms are being "done up"—well, afraid there are bound to be one or two sad cases of favourite armchairs being seized by bold intruders and such-like.

But no matter, it's still holiday-time, especially in the Highlands. Where, by the way, some of the local inhabitants, I hear, are terribly vexed the noo 'cos of the way the Americans and people who've taken moors and things are actually daring to don the kilt—and wearing it all wrong, what's more. Say they ought to be kilt, they do . . . sorry, but, after all, it is still holiday-time.

With love,
Yours ever,
Blanchette.

Clubs are now exchanging members

Out After Otter in Essex

A GROUP COMPRISING MISS PAULINE WOODHOUSE, MISS NAOMI CHRISTY, MRS. GERALD CHRISTY, MASTER J. V. SMITH, MRS. KEMSLEY AND MR. A. P. KEMSLEY

CAPTAIN AND MRS. RAMSON

Photographs

MRS. BARRACLOUGH, MRS. KENT AND MASTER JOHN SMITH

British Illus.

CAPTAIN GIBSON, THE DEPUTY MASTER, ARRIVING WITH THE PACK AT THE MEET

Officials and members of the field photographed at the recent Meet of the Eastern Counties Otter Hounds at Writtle Mill, near Chelmsford. This pack hunts rivers over a large area in five of the Eastern Counties

Out-of-door Doings at the End of August

BETWEEN MATCHES *Alfieri*

Spectators and competitors at the Southampton Lawn Tennis Tournament on a tour of inspection of the courts. The photograph shows Mrs. E. T. Lamb (left), Mr. J. H. Mole, Olivia Countess Cairns and Mr. E. T. Lamb

CAUGHT ON COURT *Alfieri*

Miss J. Whitington and Miss D. Sloane-Stanley photographed after their match in the second round of the Ladies' Singles at Southampton. The latter won 6—1, 6—1

I.B.

LADY ARDEE, LADY GRATTAN-BELLEW AND MISS GRATTAN-BELLEW

British Illus.

A DOG'S DAY AT SANDY

Mrs. Crabbe with her Alsatians, Allahson of Kyrle, Roma of Kyrle and Cresta of Kyrle. The photograph was taken at the Sandy and District Floral and Horticultural Show recently held at Sandy Place

I.B

LORD AND LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE WITH THEIR PRIZE-WINNING IRISH WOLFHOUND

Above are seen some leading exhibitors and their entries at the annual Bray Dog Show. This is always one of the most popular shows in Ireland and this year was as well attended as ever

THE GLAD EYE

Being demonstrated with much feeling by Estelle Brody, Humberston Wright and John Stuart in the film of that name. It is to open the Autumn Season at the Astoria, and will be shown for a fortnight from September 5

Femina

HOTEL RESIDENTS

By "CANDIDA"

It doesn't matter where you go to, from one end of England to the other, and over the Border and into Wales; from the East of Europe to the West; from the North to the South, and beyond the seas; you can never escape from some isolated member of the tribe. Once upon a time, I suppose, they were human beings like yourself and me. Once they had ties, families, affections; once they had interests outside cross-word puzzles, a little mild bridge, and the weather. Once they led lives in which something happened; something joyful or even tragic, it doesn't matter which so long as there is something to show for the trouble of living. But now life has ebbed away from them and left them high and dry at the mercy of *tables d'hôtes*, "to which visitors are requested to be punctual," of tea and desultory chatter in the lounge, of old guides and time-tables and tired magazines in the reading-room, where no one ever reads. How did it happen? No one knows. Under cover of their frozen sort of friendliness the secret is well kept.

What are they? Ghosts? The men and women that were? They're anything you like to think them in your heart, but in actual fact the manager calls them hotel "residents," and gives them his south rooms with balconies at reduced prices, plus all sorts of other privileges. Do they make up for the dreadful doom of living for ever and ever in a backwater at so many guineas a week? A self-appointed doom, of course, because no one is born a hotel resident. They look at us, drifting in and out with our week-end or our fortnight, much as the wandering Jew might look at a Cook's tourist babbling of a fourteen days' holiday trip.

No one is born a hotel resident, as I've said before. It just happens. One drifts down the fatal way. I remember a fairy story by Grimm, or somebody, all about a traveller who sees a pleasant road leading through sunny meadows to a charming wood, all green and gold and delightful. He's told by the usual old witch that the pleasant road leads nowhere, and that the poor creature who follows it will never again find a way out of the green and golden wood, which isn't really as green and golden as it looks. Does he take the advice? I forget. In fairy stories travellers and people don't listen to ugly old witches. And not in real life, either. At best it's got to be a handsome woman who does the advising, one who can convince you that she's lived in the best world and knows what she's talking about. And even then . . .

Here in this pleasant place by the sea, where life moves happily from one important job to another, from bathing to golf, or, if you prefer it, from nothing in particular to nothing in particular, we keep a hotel that calls itself the "finest on the Something Coast." One knows those "finest on the coast" hotels. Every coast has at least a dozen of them. They're as plentiful as the beds that Queen Elizabeth slept in. And why not, after all? Truth on hotel tariffs isn't half as attractive as a little tactful fiction. Nor as lucrative.

At my "finest on the Something Coast" hotel they keep, of course, a couple of hotel residents. No one knows how long they've "resided." No one can guess at the sort of man and woman that they were; whether long ago the Services were responsible for them, or the professions? If they planted tea somewhere East in the days of their youth, or merely sold it at home over the counter? Hotel residence in the course of years obliterates all the usual signs by which you might know them. So politely vague and undefined, not to say vacuous, is their conversation that you never touch bottom anywhere, but go on swimming in a sea of indifferent generalities all about the things that don't matter. The weather, the air, the food, as it might be, and as, alas! it is; the food, the air, the weather. And now and then some really stirring topic such as the ten lost tribes and their probable whereabouts in England, or the present degeneration in manners and what'll happen in consequence, etc. She knits at an everlasting something which never gets knitted. He's for ever reading *The Times*.

Perhaps after all one is born a hotel resident. Perhaps one wants to give up fighting against odds; to give up red corpuscles, aims, opinions, friendship, love, art, and exist in a backwater to avoid the trouble of keeping a roof (or let's say ceiling, because roofs are so communal nowadays) over one's head, and the expense of paying the Government for the privilege of that roof, or ceiling. Perhaps it seems worth while, a way to Peace with a capital P, that apparently pleasant way that leads to the wood from which no traveller returns—not what's called alive, anyway. And yet I don't know. Next time Mrs. Smith tells me that she's thought of giving up the house which is too expensive and too big for comfort, and of living ever after at a pleasant hotel at Somewhere-on-Sea, where the air is like champagne, and they keep a *chef* you'd find it hard to beat, I shall rush in where angels, etc., etc. I'll be the witch of the fairy tale though it's a thankless part.

YOUTH AND THE DANCE

A charming portrait of Miss Mary Walmisley, who danced with great success at the recent Hampshire Historical Pageant at Bramshill House, where she led the Kingsley's Water Babies episode. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elyard Atherstone Walmisley, of the White House, Mattingley Green, Hampshire, and is only ten years old

"A Star of Brightness Still Undimmed"

A study of the world-famous dancer, Anna Pavlova, as she appears in one of her ballets. She opens a short season in London at Covent Garden on September 12

FUR and FEATHER

MARK OVER!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

MANY authorities claim that England breeds the finest Dogs in the world of all varieties; and, be it said, that view is not confined to British authorities, but is frequently voiced in other lands. "The Kennelman's" own conviction is that it holds good of all breeds recognised in England. That it is strictly true of some varieties, and that at the head of these we may place all Gun-Dogs and Foxhounds nobody can deny. Their supremacy is as secure as that of our Bulldogs, Fox Terriers, or Airedales.

But this is not to say there's nothing left to learn in the breeding, breaking, and training of Gun-Dogs, or that substantial further betterment is not possible as the result of getting together still more and co-operation between gunners, handlers, and breeders. Some of our most famous guns still have a good deal to learn about Dogs, and many of the doggy experts might with advantage know more than they do about shooting, and about the Dogs' important part in that great game.

It is this that lends first-rate importance, as well as the keenest sort of interest, to the Kennel Club's admirably organised Field Trials. The K.C. 1927 Field Trials for Retrievers will be held at Overton (Mr. A. B. Simpson's place), Marlborough, Wilts, on October 6, 7, and 8, applications for nominations closing to-morrow, September 1. In addition to the set stakes there are special prizes given by Lord Lonsdale, Mrs. Quintin Dick, Mr. C. Alington, and Mr. Percy Heaton; and competition between the Curlies and Flats, the Goldens and the Labradors promises to be unusually keen. As a sporting spectacle these Trials (like the Hound Trials and the Sheepdog Trials) provide as many thrills and as rich an interest for outdoor men and women, for all animal lovers, as any form of racing or hunting, and are worth ten times the public support they generally get.

Space does not permit of analysis here of the highly interesting vital statistics of the canine community that are periodically published by the Kennel Club. They should be consulted in *The Kennel Gazette*. Two points must be mentioned here. The figures for the first half of this year show (as "The Kennelman" foretold they would) a substantial increase upon those of the first half of last year, though it beat all previous records for the period. The other point is that while registration now costs but half a crown instead of the old 3*s.* 6*d.*—and it is something to which every well-bred Dog is entitled—understanding lovers of the race would all do well to follow the example of some of their best-known leaders, and to send 3*s.* 6*d.* for every registration, with the request that the additional shilling be passed to the Distemper Research Fund, which needs the help, just as Dogs need the knowledge presently to be gained, of how to cope with the scourge of Distemper.

One trusts that hydrophobia will not dominate Russian politics, but it is unfortunately true that rabies has spread far in that distressful country under Bolshevism—34,000 Dogs, 4,000 cats and other animals, and 363 human cases, in one year: a gruesome record, but hardly surprising, perhaps, where millions of humans lack food and shelter, and hordes of homeless, stray animals are left to fend for themselves.

Advice has more than once been given in these Notes regarding the best remedies for internal parasites in Dogs, and space is lacking for the re-setting forth of full detail. But in no other form of Dog-doctoring is precise exactness and care in administration more essential than in the giving of vermifuges. Enquiries on this point should be addressed to Mr. R. E. Nicholas, Bitterne Park, Hants, whose research into the subject has been very thorough.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

FOLLY OF GOING ON

By A. E MANNING FOSTER

To know when to leave well alone is one of the great secrets of successful Bridge.

So many players when their opponents make a bid which suits them will go on calling, when if they sat tight they could save game or defeat the contract. No-Trump bidders are the greatest offenders in this respect.

They call light No-Trumpers, and when they are overbid in a suit they go on with their No-Trumpers just because they hold protection in the adverse suit, heedless of the fact that by so doing they are playing the opponents' game.

. . . . . .

The following case from play illustrates the folly of going on in these circumstances:—

	Y: S.—7, 6, 3. H.—Q, 10, 5, 4. D.—8, 7, 3, 2. C.—6, 4.	
A: S.—A, K, 9, 4, 2. H.—A. D.—A, Q, 9. C.—K, Q, J. 8.		B: S.—10, 5. H.—9, 7, 6, 2. D.—10, 5, 4. C.—7, 5, 3, 2.
	Z: S.—Q, J, 8. H.—K, J, 8, 3. D.—K, J, 6. C.—A, 10, 9.	

Score: Love all. Z deals and bids "One No-Trump"; A, "Two Spades"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Two No-Trumps"; A, "Double." All pass.

A leads King of Spades, followed by Ace; then 2 of Spades, which is won by Z with the Queen. Z leads 3 of Hearts, won by A with Ace. A now makes two winning Spades, and then leads King of Clubs, won by Z with the Ace. Z leads 8 of Hearts, and wins with Dummy's Queen, A discarding a Diamond. Y leads 2 of Diamonds, Z plays Jack, and A wins with Queen.. A makes Ace of Diamonds and three winning Clubs.

Result: A, B win ten tricks, and Z loses 500 points and 30 Aces!

. . . . . .

The first comment on this hand, which I give as it actually happened, was that Z played as badly as he called. At trick 9 instead of leading a Diamond Z should have made his two winning Hearts before trying the Diamonds. This would have reduced the penalties, but the point is that the whole disaster came through Z's bad bidding. He had a sound initial No-Trumper, but he had no business at all to bid "Two No-Trumps." Even in the rubber game it would have been a bad bid, but at love score to take such a risk was absolutely unjustifiable. His argument, no doubt, was, "I have a good all-round hand. It is unlikely that my partner can bid over Spades, as he does not know I have a guard. But whatever he has will be useful to me." He therefore gambled on his partner holding some useful cards in the other suits, and the gamble failed, as it deserved to fail.

A, with the lead, was not going to bid "Two Spades" unless with a definite purpose. He did not mind being left in "Two Spades," but he hoped to get a double, which Z permitted.

Now mark the difference if Z had observed a wise silence. A could not go game in Spades. He could never put his partner in, and would have been obliged to lead away from his strong hand. Properly played, Z must save the game with one Spade, two Diamonds, and one Club.

To go down 500 points when you could have saved the game is very bad Bridge, but incidents like this occur every day.

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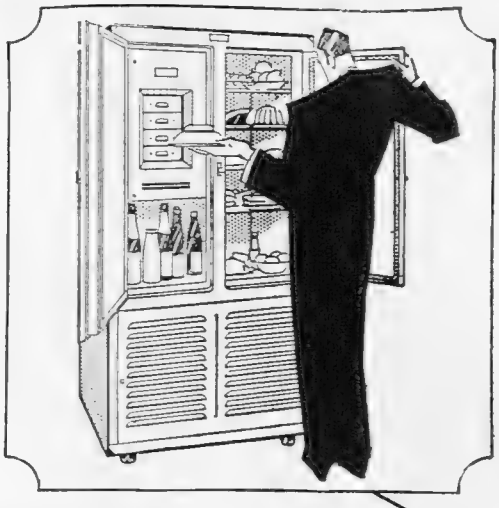

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THE BIG POLO STRUGGLE

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Sport and General

MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN

The famous American player, who will fill the back position in the team to meet the British side at Meadowbrook

Who Will Win?

IF there is any wagering in and around New York on the coming International polo matches I expect the supporters of America will be asked to lay odds. So far as the respective handicaps are concerned there is not a great deal in it. But there is an uncomfortable feeling that over there the official handicaps do not flatter the players so much as they do here. In endeavouring to estimate the prospects with impartiality I cannot get rid of the fact that when the international matches were played three years ago America actually scored twenty more goals in the two games than our men did. That is a big margin to wipe out, even though we have an entirely new team in the field this time.

Sporting Enterprise

MY impartiality vanishes, however, in the hope that the sporting enterprise which has taken men and ponies all the way from Delhi to Meadowbrook will be crowned with success. Throughout India the results will be awaited with even greater interest than in England, for in spite of the fact that, according to the terms under which the cup can be played for every three years, the challenge was made by Hurlingham, the adventure is an Indian one in nearly every respect. When they decided to tackle the task of trying to recover the Polo Cup for England, the Army Polo Committee in India prepared a plan of campaign from which they have never deviated except in one particular. I refer to the invitation they extended to Capt. C. T. I. Roark, the only player who has joined the team from England. Even his inclusion does not destroy the special character of the team, for he was formerly in the Army in India. The bulk of the expenses of the team is defrayed by the public subscription which was raised in India last winter, and many of the ponies have been lent by the Maharaja of Jodhpur and other good sportsmen. In the wide history of sport I doubt whether there has been a more efficiently organised expedition.

England's Team

THAT which now remains to be seen is whether England's selected team will be strong enough for the job. They have been seriously handicapped by bad weather since their arrival in America, but thanks to the practice they enjoyed together before they left India they are a much better drilled combination than the teams we have usually put in the field for the International Cup. At No. 1 there does not appear to be much to choose between Capt. C. E. Pert and Capt. Richard George, of whom the former has been provisionally chosen to play in the first match on September 5. Major A. H. Williams, our No. 2, is a player with plenty of experience of fast polo behind him. To Capt. Roark falls the task of fitting himself in with the rest of the team, but this should not be difficult for the best player British polo has produced since Walter Buckmaster and Leslie Cheape. Major E. G. Atkinson, who will captain the team from his position at back, is sound and resourceful. It is a well-balanced team, and I hope it will produce that spark of brilliancy which wins international polo matches.

The Defenders

AMERICA originally selected a team which included Mr. Winston Guest at No. 1 and Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin at No. 3, but a week ago the news came from Long Island that these players will probably be displaced by Mr. J. Watson Webb and Mr. M. Stevenson. If the latter plan is adhered to, the defenders will have exactly the same team in the field that won so easily in 1924. The proposal to play Mr. Guest was one which aroused immense interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Capt. the Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest's son is only twenty-one years old, and has just left Yale. His promise in polo is unquestionable, and I had hoped that his services at a future date would be available for England, but he has now definitely adopted the nationality of his mother's family. Even if Mr. Guest does not play in the big matches next week his appearance in international polo is merely postponed. In Mr. T. Hitchcock and Mr. Devereux Milburn America possesses two of the most wonderful players ever seen in polo. It would be idle to pretend that our men are not up against an exceedingly formidable proposition. All the more honour and glory, therefore, if they should come out on top. May good luck be with them!

Sport and General

MAJOR E. G. ATKINSON

Who will be the back in the Army in India team in America. The Westchester Cup matches take place next month at Meadowbrook

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Railway Activity

THE London and North-Eastern Railway announce that they are building ten new "Pacific" locomotives at their works. These engines, which pull the East Coast trains, are popularly known as the "Flying Scotsman" type and are to be used on the non-stop run from London to Newcastle, a distance of 268 miles, covered in 5½ hours. Mechanical lubricators are fitted to keep the moving parts properly oiled during the journey, and the boiler pressure has been increased from 180 lb. to 220 lb. per square inch. The tender carries 8 tons of coal and 5,000 gallons of water.

All down the 'Dilly the traffic is slowed
Drivers politely say "Well, I'll be blowed!"
('Close up' shows view of a hole in the road.)

PICCADILLY UP AGAIN

Drivers must dally till 'Dilly's O.K.,
Meanwhile the pick and the shovel hold sway.
(Tar breezes tone up the system, they say.)

Drawn and coloured by D. Jinkinson and dedicated, with appreciation, to John Walker Esq. distiller of Fine Whisky, Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Those who would like an unmounted reprint, in full colour, of this design, are invited to write to John Walker & Sons, Ltd., 12, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. It will be sent free.

Our illustration is based on an accident which occurred during July in a South London suburb.

The lady was cut by the glass from the smashed windscreen. Had *Triplex* been fitted no personal injury could have resulted, because *Triplex* cannot splinter or fly in any circumstances.

Are you running unnecessary risks? Be warned in time.

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DIEU ET MON DROIT

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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

IN THE ALPS

One of the motor coaches which operates on the service running between Turin and Briançon, in France, photographed during the run. Fiat and Spa coaches are used

IT seems only a few months ago since motorists were remarking on the rise of the saloon in general popularity. To-day it would be more apt to speak of the decline of the tourer. There are signs that the type of body in which the present generation of motorists was brought up, so to speak, is actually passing away, and in a few years may have gone altogether. There is one maker—of quite a popular car too—who on one of his chassis, at least, is actually not cataloguing a touring car for this year. A large agent for this make told me that he had not sold a single tourer on that chassis during last year, and the tourer in question, as a matter of fact, was of a particularly advanced design.

***

I CONFESS to being one of those who regret this trend of development. I always welcome the efforts of any maker to prolong the life of the touring body. There is no denying the superior comfort of the saloon, but I have a feeling that that is not motoring. It is much more like railway travel, with more independence, but less speed, safety and certainty than the railway. Motoring in the right sense still includes a good blow of honest fresh air and a view of the scenery when the weather allows, and it is no contradiction of the argument to say that the weather seldom does allow. When was our English climate any different? Unfortunately, saloons offer such good value in these days that I doubt if the efforts of such valiant touring car exponents as the Standard and Humber people will stem the tide of defeat that is overwhelming this essentially British type of body. Both the firms mentioned, of course, have done their full share in popularising the saloon and bringing about this state of affairs.

***

IT seems a pity that the genuine all-weather body, incorporating a folding leather hood and glass windows, has so many snags that it has been given up by one maker after another. The latest compromise is what is called in some quarters the "Sunshine Saloon." In one type half the roof slides backwards over the other half. In another type (the "Sunsaloon") the whole of the roof rolls back like a roll-top desk. In either case the scaffolding, so to speak (the framework of the windows), is left *in situ*, so that one does not get the open, free feeling of the touring car with hood down. However, the sunshine saloon is certain to come into vogue, and no doubt all types will have a fair trial. In the case of the "roll-top" version the roof can be operated by an electric motor taking very little current, so that by merely pressing a button and setting the "crew" to lower the windows, the whole car can be converted into a passable substitute for the tourer in a few seconds. All but the scaffolding. I cannot get used to the scaffolding—at least in theory, as a touring car enthusiast, I feel that way.

***

PHILOSOPHERS are always telling us not to be misled by appearances, and even in such a modern sphere as motoring there is a lot in the advice. The other day we were following in the wake of an Austin Seven which had a militant female of uncertain years in the passenger's seat. They were apparently trying to pass an elderly solo motor cyclist. As far as we could see and hear they hooted and hooted at him without effect, and tried to draw level and cut in. At last they managed to pass him, and as soon as the motor cyclist glanced their way the militant daughter of Eve shook her fist at him! He took no notice whatever, but contentedly bowled along in their dust, no whit disconcerted even when the lady turned right round and harangued him at some length, and with great heat, at the top of her voice.

***

OUR interest was now thoroughly aroused. Here was a drama of vital human force going on almost under our very radiator. What would the woman do next? Would she rise out of her seat (she looked like it) and jump at him? Or merely throw something—and if so, what? And should we be able to dodge it? To our further amazement the motor cyclist did not attempt to escape from the flow of verbiage. Even when the Austin slowed down he kept station. And so it was borne in upon us that he had something to do with the party. The gestures and the resignation with which they were received seemed familiar. Had not we seen them in the comic papers? Of course, that was it. He was the husband!

***

MR. STENSON COOKE, the genial Secretary of the Automobile Association, has become much exercised recently—and with good reason—about the excessive use of loud horns in town areas, particularly at night time. The law undoubtedly requires the motorist to give audible warning of approach, and there is no desire to belittle the importance of giving such audible warning whenever necessary, but the complaints received undoubtedly show that, in an appreciable number of cases, a loud horn is often used when a less powerful one would suffice. It has been pointed out that, in particular to patients in hospitals and nursing homes, serious discomfort is occasioned in this way, but that, quite apart from such special cases, in many residential areas great annoyance is caused by the unnecessary use of powerful horns. It is well known that many owners of cars fitted with two horns already limit the use of the more powerful one to non-residential areas, and it would be a courtesy if this practice could apply generally.

IN INDIA

A view of the country looking down towards the Jhelum River from the Batrasi Pass, near Kashmir. The car in the foreground is a Clyno

Marchand

of the famous Restaurant Voisin, Paris says:—

VIVE LA—

" Mais, oui, monsieur! There is the cooking of France, of England, of Italy . . . but of sauces to give such incomparable zest—only one. The Lea and Perrin, he is more than English, n'est ce pas? —he is like the League of Nation—for the good of all! Vive la Lea and Perrin ! "

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

1/- and 1/9 a bottle

School Life Abounds in Hazards—

and reliable, efficient underclothing is the only means of combating them. But comfort and durability also count—hence the wisest solution is

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

Children do not "stop to think" when left to their own devices at school. And the best code of regulations cannot equal a mother's personal surveillance. But she will find that where good clothing makes all the difference between risk and safety, Chilprufe Pure Wool will answer all her problems without the children being curbed or suffering discomfort. It is absolutely and permanently smooth, healthily porous for exercise, and lasts remarkably well. Wash and wear do not spoil shape or texture. Let us show you our new season's range of day and night garments at the new, lower prices, while the selection remains good.

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Photographs

A beige and blue felt model, trimmed with shaded feathers, heralds in "brighter millinery." Photographed at Woolland Bros., 95 Knightsbridge, S.W.

Gold and silver galon, especially in conjunction with black, is a new form of trimming, sometimes edging a brim, sometimes threaded through the material; so is swathed velvet in divers shades and tapestry galon in a wonderful intermingling of colours. Ornaments of gold, of silver, and semi-precious stones, especially in the form of daggers, will "brighten" the simpler type of hat.

Elwin Neame

Tortoiseshell dagger, pointing downwards, is one of the attractive features of an early Autumn hat in black tissue velours (Woolland Bros.)

Felt Models in Two Colours

Two attractive examples of the many early autumn models to be found at Woolland Bros., 95, Knightsbridge, S.W., are seen above. The one on the left sponsors the mode for felt in contrasting shades, for it is expressed in beige and blue, the feather trimming that tones in delightfully with the colour scheme striking another new note. Black tissue velours, a fabric as light as the proverbial feather, carries out the right-hand model, further distinguished by a tortoiseshell dagger that points downwards. Woolland Bros. are showing, too, a large variety of the eye veils that have been so much discussed and are now about to be fully launched; these are carried out in soft net and are often bordered with flexible metal. Yes! "Lovely Woman" is going to look *much* more interesting in the near future!

Tweeds for the Moors

Shooting parties in Scotland and elsewhere will continue far into the autumn, so at the moment the Smart World, *en route* from Deauville, etc., is occupied with the momentous question of new tweeds. Women to-day are no longer merely onlookers, but participators in every form of sport, and are nothing if not exigeant concerning their shooting kit. Tweeds of all kinds were never more attractive than this season, carried out in subtly blended mixtures that tone perfectly with their surroundings, for inharmonious colourings that might frighten the birds are anathema to the sportswoman "who knows." Striking a bright note in sports clothes does not make for popularity! Accompanying accessories must be plain and practical; sweater or shirt on masculine lines; woollen stockings; stout shoes of the Oxford type; neutral-coloured felt hat.

Gay Millinery

Apart from sporting headgear, millinery for the coming season promises to be very much gayer than has been the case for some time past. Two fabrics, such as velours and felt, velours and velvet, felt and panne, go to the making of many of the new models, often in contrasting colours, with one of them *appliqué*.

Taking an active part in Autumn Sport . . . In perfectly cut, practical shooting suits of "Gamefeather" and fancy tweed. Photographed at Burberry's, Haymarket, S.W.

Sport and the Woman

That it shall be faultlessly cut, thoroughly waterproof, light in weight, and allow her perfect freedom of movement, is what the practical sportswoman demands of her shooting suit, all of which qualities are combined in the latest Burberry models (Haymarket, S.W.). Two typical examples are shown in the photograph on this page. Note the belted coats, cut on easy lines, and allowing plenty of spring at the back; also the wrap-over skirts, entirely untrammelling, with which "matching" knickers will be worn. Burberry's famous "Gamefeather" tweed carries out the left-hand suit, and one of their many fancy tweeds the one on the right. Their new

The perfect travelling companion. Eau de Cologne Farina Gegenüber. It has so many uses as a toilet requisite

autumn range offering, needless to say, a wealth of choice in suitable colours and designs. Other seasonable features are perfectly tailored overcoats, many of them fur trimmed, carried out in the new Burberry materials, that the world will wear at early autumn race meetings, etc.; also raincoats, that are gay and smart, as well as entirely weatherproof. Even in a rainy season there are *some* compensations!

The Spattee Up to Date

VARIOUS additions and improvements have been made this season in connection with Highland spattees, those smart woven affairs beloved of the sportswoman that can be obtained in shades and mixtures that blend with any colour scheme. Special reinforcements have been added over both instep and heel in order that the spattee may fit firmly upon the shoe; elastic has also been inserted round the top to keep the spattee in position; and an over-knee spattee, which is an extension of the ordinary model, meets the needs of those who do not care for the gap between spattee and skirt.

Health First

IN a climate such as ours, subject to sudden and disconcerting changes of temperature, the value of Aertex underwear, woven in such a fashion that it protects its wearers by a perfect insulation of air against both cold and heat, cannot be over-estimated, especially in view of the strenuous, game-playing life which the majority of women lead to-day. So it is the best of news for the feminine contingent that the health-giving properties of the Aertex weave have been introduced into garments that fall into line with modern fashion. Pretty little vests, with opera tops, camibockers in all the latest designs in mixtures of cotton and lisle and art silk and cotton, nighties that are the last word in daintiness, are included in the new Aertex range. In the unlikely contingency of there being any difficulty in obtaining Aertex garments, which, designed for men, women, and children, are sold by drapers and outfitters throughout the country, a card to Cellular Clothing, I td., 72, Fore Street, E.C.2, will bring by return the name and address of the nearest retailer.

Traveller's Joy

THE name of a flower, of course! And the name, too, that can be suitably applied to something even more fragrant—in other words, to Eau de Cologne Farina Gegenüber, the Eau de Cologne, with the red trade mark, beloved of Royalty throughout Europe, and possessed of such a multiplicity of uses that it is the ideal travelling requisite for the woman who "travels light." Not only is its perfume one of the most fragrant in the world, but it refreshes and invigorates in all circumstances: as scent on the handkerchief, as a toilet water in basin or bath, as a mouth wash, etc., etc. And its companion travelling soap ensures that uniformity that the fashionable woman demands in her toilet, no less than in her wardrobe. All chemists and stores stock Eau de Cologne Farina Gegenüber at prices ranging from 9d. to 50s. a bottle.

Those Silver Threads

"GREY hair is *so* becoming," is what many women say . . . of their friends; but with their thoughts concerned with their own cases such words carry very little conviction. For grey hair "*isn't* becoming." And what's more, it ages prematurely very many women, earning for them, long before their time, the dreaded appellation of "elderly." Luckily, however, in this scientific age, grey hair is just as unnecessary as many of the other evils to which the flesh is heir. Inecto being the safeguard of to-day's smart, *bien soignée* woman—a natural recolorative that replaces the failing pigmentation, colours the hair from within, and restores its tone and texture. Simplicity in application is one of Inecto's many

(*Continued on page* vi)

Thanks to Inecto, her lovely hair has never lost its original colour

The ideal underwear. The Aertex weave combined with modern lingerie fashions

Sketches by Booda

Silence.....and supreme comfort at all speeds

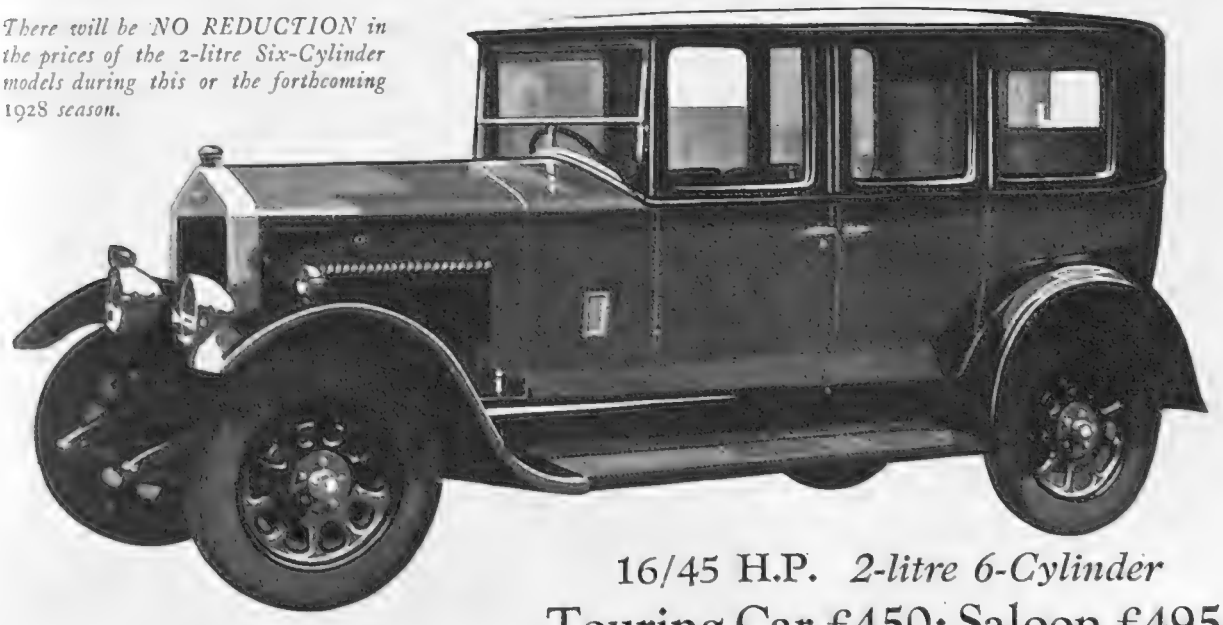
AS passenger or driver of the Wolseley 2-litre Six, you will marvel at the total absence of vibration, and wonder how an engine can be so noiseless. There is scarcely a sound even at 60 miles an hour.

The Wolseley Six provides a new experience in motoring comfort. Arrange a trial run with our local agent. Address—and catalogue—on request.

WOLSELEY

BRITAIN'S 2—LITRE SILENT SIX

There will be NO REDUCTION in the prices of the 2-litre Six-Cylinder models during this or the forthcoming 1928 season.



16/45 H.P. *2-litre 6-Cylinder*

Touring Car £450; Saloon £495

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD.,
ADDERLEY PARK, BIRMINGHAM.

D.A.

virtues, for it can either be applied at home or by milady's usual hairdresser. The address of the Inecto Salons is 15, North Audley Street, and 32, Dover Street, W.

Parisiennes Prefer Curls

CURLY heads, according to Paris, are La Mode's latest decree, and it will be no easy matter for the average woman to make her own locks resemble those of a Greek athlete! There are many reasons why the Mondaine, for whom the perfect *coiffure* is a *sine qua non*, should feel her own hair inadequate in competition with a headdress or transformation that is the work of that marvellous artist, M. David Nicol, whose artistic *postiche* will enable her to follow at will Fashion's latest trend. One of the latest creations of the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, is shown here. It is a curly headdress, to the making of which only the selected points of naturally curly hair have gone, and which, needless to say, damp will not in the least affect. Like all the modish *postiche* for which the Maison Nicol is justly famous, it is of a featherweight lightness, with a completely natural parting that is in itself a wonderfully natural achievement. Artistry, indeed, is the keynote of all the work carried out at the Maison Nicol, whether as regards *postiche*, tinting, permanent waving by their special steam process, or any other branch of hair work. And the expert advice of M. David Nicol, who is also a prominent hair specialist, is always at the service of his *clientèle*.

A CHARMING COIFFURE

A curly shingled head-dress that has been created by that well-known artist in hair, M. Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W.

A Train-de-Luxe

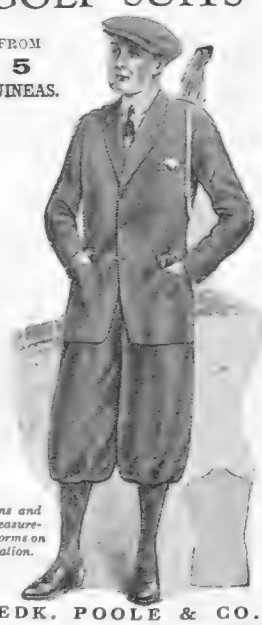
The Swiss Tourist Information office gives details of a *train-de-luxe* which will be run on the Gotthard line by way of trial during the periods from September 1 to November 16, 1927, and from March 15 to June 15, 1928. The train will have a luggage van, a 1st and 2nd class Pullman car with kitchen equipment from Bâle, and the same composition also from Zurich. At Arth Goldau the two parts of the train will be connected. The train will leave Bâle at 7.12 a.m. and Zurich 8.15 a.m., arriving at Milan at 2 p.m. On the return journey Milan will be left at 4 p.m. and Lucerne will be reached at 9.17 p.m., Zurich at 9.38 p.m., and Bâle at 10.44 p.m.

Golf for Charity

The eighth annual competition for the Nelson Hospital Challenge Cup will be held at the Merton Park Golf Club on Sunday, September 18, 1927. Entries are invited from amateurs whose handicaps are 18 or under, and these should be forwarded to the Secretary, Merton Park Golf Club, not later than Wednesday, September 14, together with the entrance fee of five shillings and certified handicap. Entrants in the competition, which is one of 36 holes stroke play, will be notified of starting time, consideration being given to those coming from a distance who have applied for a special time. A prize of five guineas will be given to the winner by the Merton Park Golf Club, and the total proceeds from the entrance fees, without any deductions, will be handed over to the Nelson Hospital, which has already benefited to the extent of over £150 by past competitions.

GOLF SUITS

FROM 5 GUINEAS.



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No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

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NOVIO ROLLS contain 3 or 4 times as much as the thick cheap inferior qualities.

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THIN SOFT STRONG SILKY

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THE "CORSLO AMINCI" in cotton tricot, with double front, boned back, closed or laced, fastening at left side, four pairs of suspenders, bones removable, and can be washed as easily as ordinary underclothes. In pink and white. Measurements required: bust, waist and hips.

Price **4 Gns.**

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Railway travel in India is easy, cheap and agreeable. By many travellers it is stated to be the most comfortable in the world.

The Indian State Railways serve, besides Calcutta and Bombay, all the more northerly tracts of India; their scheduled trains convey the curious visitor in comfort by night and day. The special tourist coach obeys no schedule, it is stopped or carried onward at the will of its temporary owner. To travel by such a coach, replete with every desirable appointment—kitchen, servants' quarters, bathroom (with running water, hot and cold), sitting-room, dining- and bed-rooms,—is to enjoy a degree of luxury undreamed of in earlier days.

Note.—You can travel first class London to and from India (or Ceylon) by P. & O. between December and February for a hundred guineas, spend two weeks in India and be back inside two months; or overland both ways via Marseilles for £120 and be back within six weeks. For the same sea-fares the holiday may be extended to twelve weeks. Particulars from P. & O. S.N. Co., 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

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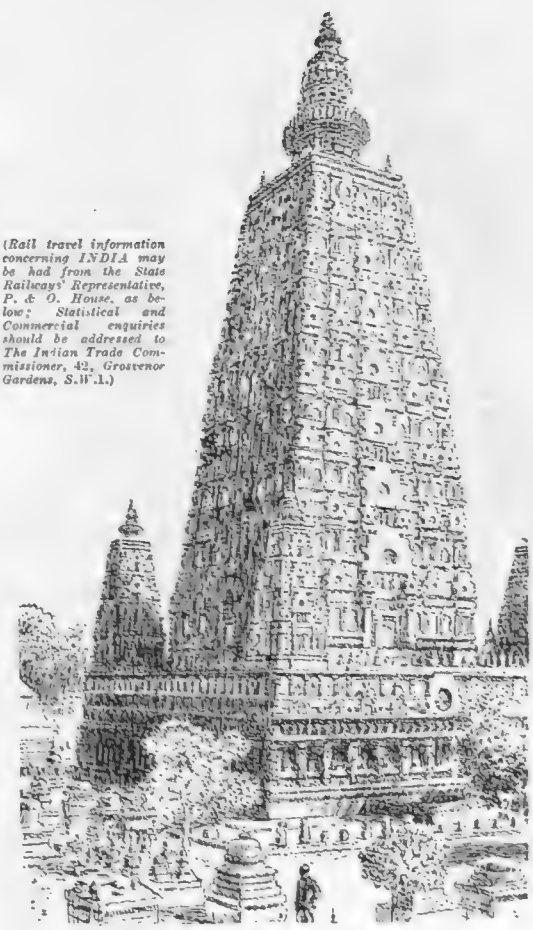
(Rail travel information concerning INDIA may be had from the State Railways' Representative, P. & O. House, as below; Statistical and Commercial enquiries should be addressed to The Indian Trade Commissioner, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.)



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(On the main line of the East Indian (State) Railway.)

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The MENU

HOME-MADE CHUTNEYS AND SAUCES

TOMATO CHUTNEY.
APPLE CHUTNEY.
SAUCE DU DIABLE.
DEVILLED RAVIGOTE SAUCE.

Tomato Chutney

To every ½ lb. of pulp allow 1 gill of vinegar, ¼ oz. each of salt, black pepper, and garlic, ½ oz. of chopped shallot, as much cayenne as will lie on a threepenny piece, and the juice of a large lemon. Put the tomatoes into a baking-dish and cook in the oven until they are soft, then rub through a sieve. Measure the pulp and other ingredients, and put them all (except the lemon juice) into an enamel-lined pan. Cook slowly for half an hour, then strain again. Add the lemon juice and cook (if possible using a double saucepan) for six hours. It will then be a delicious seedless chutney, of the consistency of thick cream. When quite cold bottle and store for future use. This chutney is made with ripe tomatoes, which are plentiful now.

Apple Chutney

Ingredients: 2 lb. of apples (weighed after they are peeled, cored and sliced), 1 lb. of sugar, ½ lb. of stoned raisins, 4 oz. of salt, 2 oz. of ginger, 2 oz. of garlic, 2½ pints of vinegar. Put the apples into an enamel-lined saucepan with 1¾ pints of the vinegar, and boil till they are soft and pulpy. Pound the ginger, garlic and salt all together, then rub them through a coarse sieve, and add them to the apples. Lastly, stir in the sugar and raisins, mix very thoroughly with a wooden spoon, and add the rest of the vinegar. Put the chutney into bottles, and tie down securely.

Sauce du Diable

This sauce is much appreciated with poultry and meat—hot or cold—shell-fish and savouries. It is a sauce which is much used in American *cuisine*, and is served with grouse or woodcock. A little fried, chopped bacon is tossed into the frying-pan, and when cooked the fat is strained off and thickened with a little flour moistened with a cupful of stock. This must be stirred continually until it boils, when a tablespoonful and a half of Worcester sauce is added, with a pinch of cayenne pepper, salt, a dessertspoonful of red currant jelly, and the same of sherry.

Devilled Ravigote Sauce

Sauté in butter a sliced onion, a chopped carrot, a little mace, scraped horse-radish, salt, cayenne, a bay leaf, one clove, and a little thyme. Add to this nearly a tablespoonful of chilli vinegar, a gill of good brown sauce, and, when boiling, a spoonful or two of red currant jelly. After straining through a sieve, when the jelly is melted, reheat the sauce, and serve. This is a particularly good sauce for a hare, and some should be poured over the roast hare when the back is sliced, the rest being served in a tureen.

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It never requires grinding.
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From all hairdressers, cutlers, stores, etc.
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"Safety first" should be your motto when marking school outfits. The neat little Cash's label, so legible, so distinctive, is always a safeguard against loss.

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YOU need no longer fear to meet your mirror; if the years have early streaked your hair with grey, call art and science to your aid. Ask any hairdresser to match the natural colour of your hair with the precise Inecto shade—see how Inecto gives back the hair's soft texture as it replaces the colour.

If you would know exactly how simple Inecto is to apply at home, write for the free booklet to-day.

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Up-river Frocks may be very simple, but they must be very fresh. Therein lies their charm and the charm of their wearers. The cool, soothing seclusion of a shady back-water makes an ideal setting for such a frock. The ideal method of restoring the necessary freshness is that employed by "Achille Serre." Many years of experience, almost unlimited resources and skilled painstaking care at every stage are ensured.

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JACKEL'S HAIR CREAM

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Some people have used it 40 years!

Why go Grey?

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tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. **2/6** or direct :—

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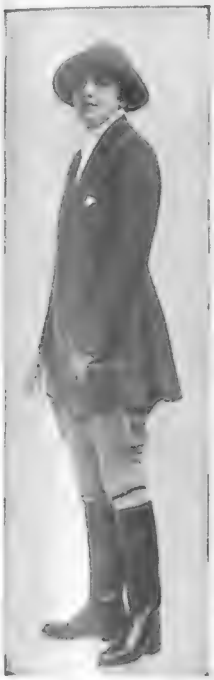

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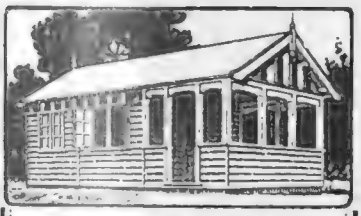

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Here is the solution to the problem of giving the children somewhere both airy and sheltered in which to romp about. Of Browne & Lilly construction, made of fine, seasoned materials, this playhouse is open to the sun and breezes, and is a weatherproof shelter in bad weather. Its design is charming, making it a worthy addition to any grounds. Treated outside with "Duralite" and roofed with Bitumen roofing, it is ideal for any number of purposes. Price, from £51 : 5 : 0, carriage paid, ready for easy erection. This is one of the Browne & Lilly buildings, of which many more are open for your inspection at our Reading works.

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Call at our showrooms and try on various Necklets at your leisure. You will find one which is not just a necklet of pearls chosen at hazard, but expressing your own particular individuality, with each pearl of just the right size, and precisely the correct tint for YOU.

Or, if you cannot call, send us a Guinea for a 16-inch Ciro Pearl Necklet that you cannot distinguish from real pearls. You may wear it for a fortnight, and if it does not give you entire satisfaction return it to us and we will refund your money in full.

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At all our Salons are to be seen the newest exclusive designs in Jewellery by Ciro

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CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

A cooling, liquid cream for eczema, rashes, pimples, chaps, skin irritation, etc. Instant Relief. 1/3 and 3/- pots. Supplied the world over. Estab. 1885.

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YOUR Shingled Hair

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

Merit has made this soap famous

SUCCESS which is not justified cannot be sustained. The fact that the sales of Regesan Soap have increased so that where in 1924 we sold one tablet we now sell twelve tablets, and that the sale is still steadily increasing calls for no further evidence.

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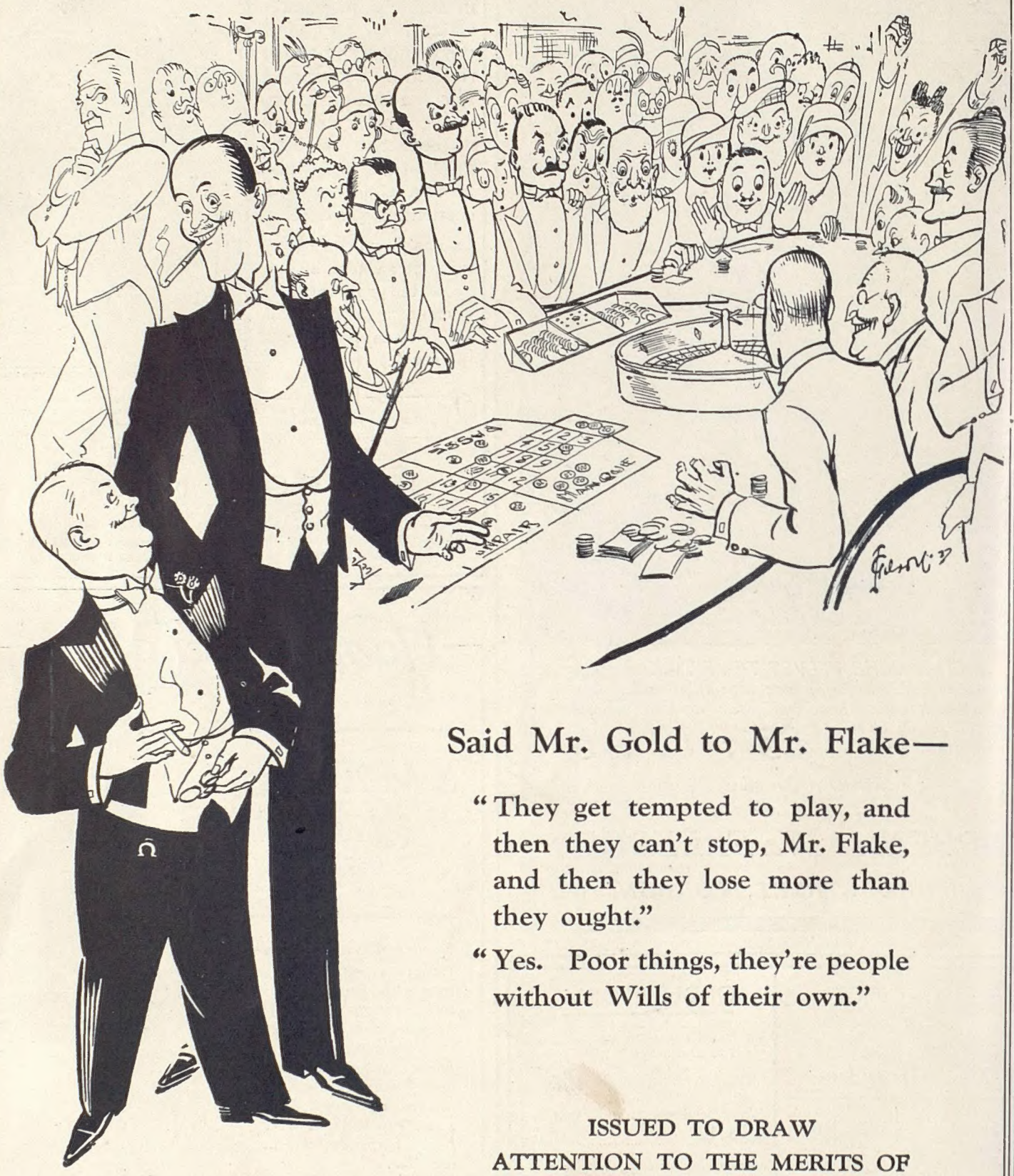

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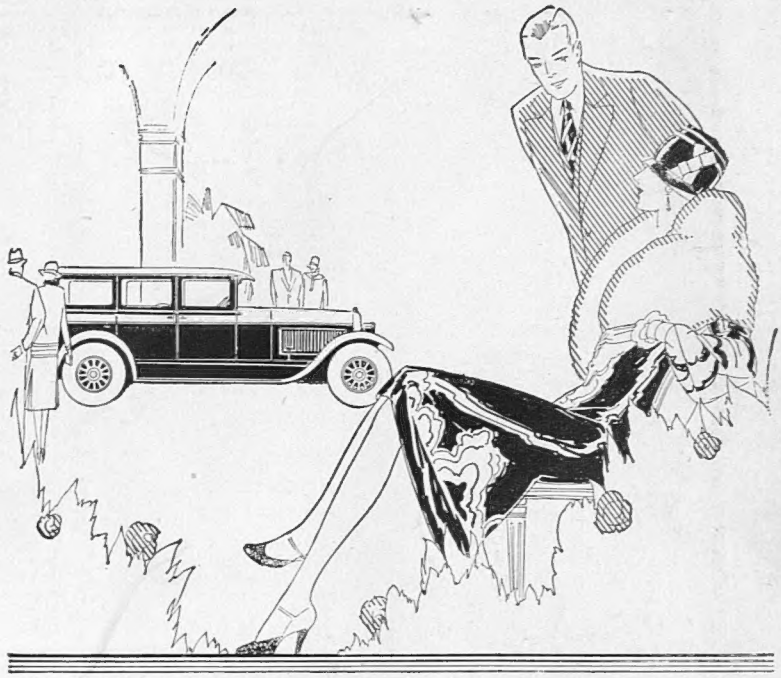

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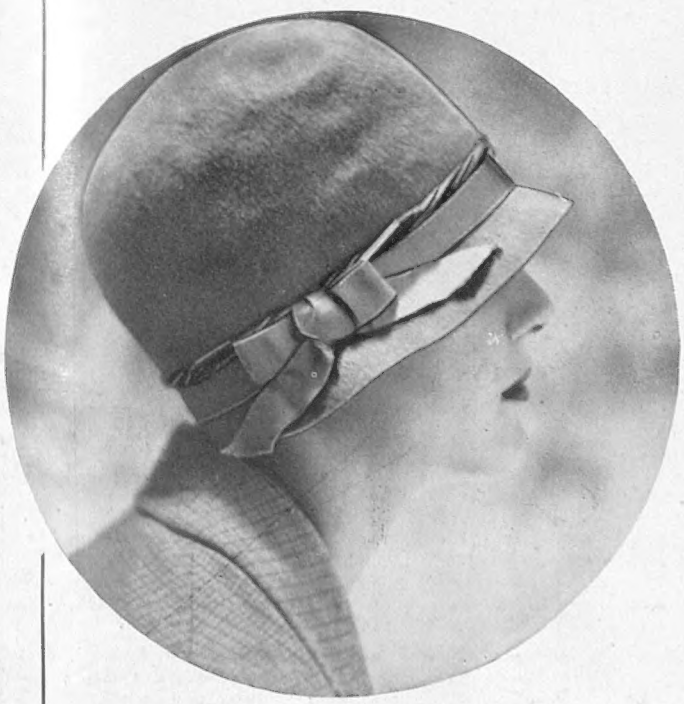

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